

1578  
AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
LIFE

OF  
MR Richard Savage,

Son of the Earl RIVERS.

by Dr Saml Johnson

THE SECOND EDITION.

L O N D O N:

Printed for E. CAVE at St John's Gate,  
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ACCOUNT

OF THE

LIFE



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Messrs. E. Cave and J. M. Galt



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**I**T has been observed in all Ages, that the Advantages of Nature or of Fortune have contributed very little to the Promotion of Happiness; and that those whom the Splendor of their Rank, or the Extent of their Capacity, have placed upon the Summits of human Life, have not often given any just Occasion to Envy in those who look up to them from a lower Station. Whether it be that apparent Superiority incites great Designs, and great Designs are naturally liable to fatal Miscariages, or that the general Lot of Mankind is Misery, and the Misfortunes of those whose Eminence drew upon them an

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universal Attention, have been more carefully recorded, because they were more generally observed, and have in reality been only more conspicuous than those of others, not more frequent, or more severe.

That Affluence and Power, Advantages extrinsic and adventitious, and therefore easily separable from those by whom they are possessed, should very often flatter the Mind with Expectation of Felicity which they cannot give, raises no Astonishment; but it seems rational to hope, that intellectual Greatness should produce better Effects, that Minds qualified for great Attainments should first endeavour their own Benefit, and that they who are most able to teach others the Way to Happiness, should with most Certainty follow it themselves.

But this Expectation, however plausible, has been very frequently disappointed. The Heroes of literary as well as civil History have been very often no less remarkable for what they have suffered, than for what they have achieved; and Volumes have been written only to enumerate the Miseries of the Learned, and relate their unhappy Lives, and untimely Deaths.

To these mournful Narratives, I am about to add the Life of *Richard Savage*, a Man whose Writings entitle him to an eminent Rank in the Classes of Learning, and whose Misfortunes claim a Degree of Compassion, not always

ways due to the Unhappy, as they were often the Consequences of the Crimes of others, rather than his own.

In the Year 1697, *Anne* Countess of *Macclesfield*, having lived for some time upon very uneasy Terms with her Husband, thought a public Confession of Adultery the most obvious and expeditious Method of obtaining her Liberty, and therefore declared, that the Child, with which she was then great, was begotten by the Earl *Rivers*. Her Husband, as may be easily imagined, being thus made no less desirous of a Separation than herself, prosecuted his Design in the most effectual Manner; for he applied not to the Ecclesiastical Courts for a Divorce, but to the Parliament for an Act, by which his Marriage might be dissolved, the nuptial Contract totally annulled, and the Child of his Wife illegitimated. This Act, after the usual Deliberation, he obtained, tho' without the Approbation of some, who considered Marriage as an Affair only cognizable by Ecclesiastical Judges\*; and on *March* 3d was separated from his Wife,

\* This Year was made remarkable by the Dissolution of a Marriage solemnised in the Face of the Church. *Salmon's Review*.

The following Protest is registered in the Books of the House of Lords.

*Dissentient.*

Because we conceive that this is the first Bill of that Nature that hath passed, where there was not a Divorce first ob-



Wife, whose Fortune, which was very great, was repaid her; and who having as well as her Husband the Liberty of making another Choice, was in a short Time married to Colonel *Bret*.

While the Earl of *Macclesfield* was prosecuting this Affair, his Wife was, on the tenth of *January* 1697-8, delivered of a Son, and the Earl *Rivers*, by appearing to consider him as his own, left none any Reason to doubt of the Sincerity of her Declaration; for he was his Godfather, and gave him his own Name, which was by his Direction inserted in the Register of *St Andrew's* Parish in *Holbourn*, but unfortunately left him to the Care of his Mother, whom, as she was now set free from her Husband, he probably imagined likely to treat with great Tenderneſs the Child that had contributed to ſo pleaſing an Event. It is not indeed eaſy to diſcover what Motives could be found to over-balance that natural Affection of a Parent, or what Intereſt could be promoted by Neglect or Cruelty. The Dread of Shame or of Poverty, by which ſome Wretches have been incited to abandon or to murder their Children, cannot be ſuppoſed to have affected a Woman who had proclaimed her Crimes

tained in the Spiritual Court; which we look upon as an ill Precedent, and may be of dangerous Conſequence in the future.

*Halifax.*

*Rocheſter.*

Crimes and solicited Reproach, and on whom the Clemency of the Legislature had undeservedly bestowed a Fortune, that would have been very little diminished by the Expences which the Care of her Child could have brought upon her. It was therefore not likely that she would be wicked without Temptation, that she would look upon her Son from his Birth with a kind of Resentment and Abhorrence ; and instead of supporting, assisting, and defending him, delight to see him struggling with Misery, that she would take every Opportunity of aggravating his Misfortunes, and obstructing his Resources, and with an implacable and restless Cruelty continue her Persecution from the first Hour of his Life to the last.

But whatever were her Motives, no sooner was her Son born, than she discovered a Resolution of disowning him ; and in a very short Time removed him from her Sight, by committing him to the Care of a poor Woman, whom she directed to educate him as her own, and enjoined never to inform him of his true Parents.

Such was the Beginning of the Life of *Richard Savage* : Born with a legal Claim to Honour and to Riches, he was in two Months illegitimated by the Parliament, and disowned by his Mother, doomed to Poverty and Obscurity, and launched upon the Ocean of Life,  
only

only that he might be swallowed by its Quick-sands, or dashed upon its Rocks.

His Mother could not indeed infect others with the same Cruelty. As it was impossible to avoid the Inquiries which the Curiosity or Tendernefs of her Relations made after her Child, ſhe was obliged to give ſome Account of the Meaſures that ſhe had taken; and her Mother, the Lady *Mafon*, whether in Approbation of her Deſign, or to prevent more criminal Contrivances, engaged to tranſact with his Nurſe, pay her for her Care, and ſuperintend his Education.

In this charitable Office ſhe was aſſiſted by his Godmother Mrs *Loyd*, who while ſhe lived always looked upon him with that Tendernefs, which the Barbarity of his Mother made peculiarly neceſſary; but her Death, which happened in his tenth Year, was another of the Miſfortunes of his Childhood; for though ſhe kindly endeavoured to alleviate his Loſs by a Legacy of three hundred Pounds, yet as he had none to proſecute his Claim, to ſhelter him from Oppreſſion, or call in Law to the Aſſiſtance of Juſtice, her Will was eluded by the Executors, and no part of the Money was ever paid.

He was however not yet wholly abandoned. The Lady *Mafon* ſtill continued her Care, and directed him to be placed at a ſmall Grammar School



School near St. *Alban's*, where he was called by the Name of his Nurse, without the least Intimation that he had a Claim to any other.

Here he was initiated in Literature, and passed through several of the Classes, with what Rapidity or what Applause cannot now be known. As he always spoke with Respect of his Master, it is probable that the mean Rank, in which he then appeared, did not hinder his Genius from being distinguished, or his Industry from being rewarded, and if in so low a State he obtained Distinction and Rewards, it is not likely that they were gained but by Genius and Industry.

It is very reasonable to conjecture, that his Application was equal to his Abilities, because his Improvement was more than proportioned to the Opportunities which he enjoyed; nor can it be doubted, that if his earliest Productions had been preserved, like those of happier Students, we might in some have found vigorous Sallies of that sprightly Humour, which distinguishes the *Author to be let*, and in others, strong Touches of that ardent Imagination which painted the solemn Scenes of the *Wanderer*.

While he was thus cultivating his Genius, his Father the Earl *Rivers* was seized with a Distemper, which in a short Time put an End to his Life. He had frequently inquired after  
his

his Son, and had always been amused with fallacious and evasive Answers; but being now in his own Opinion on his Death-bed, he thought it his Duty to provide for him among his other natural Children, and therefore demanded a positive Account of him, with an Importunity not to be diverted or denied. His Mother, who could no longer refuse an Answer, determined at least to give such as should cut him off for ever from that Happiness which Competence affords, and therefore declared that he was dead; which is perhaps the first Instance of a Lye invented by a Mother to deprive her Son of a Provision which was designed him by another, and which she could not expect herself, though he should lose it.

This was therefore an Act of Wickedness which could not be defeated, because it could not be suspected; the Earl did not imagine, that there could exist in a human Form a Mother that would ruin her Son without enriching herself, and therefore bestowed upon some other Person six thousand Pounds, which he had in his Will bequeathed to *Savage*.

The same Cruelty which incited his Mother to intercept this Provision which had been intended him, prompted her in a short Time to another Project, a Project worthy of such a Disposition. She endeavoured to rid herself from the Danger of being at any Time made  
known

known to him, by sending him secretly to the  
*American Plantations* \*.

By whose Kindness this Scheme was counteracted, or by what Interposition she was induced to lay aside her Design, I know not; it is not improbable that the Lady *Mason* might persuade or compel her to desist, or perhaps she could not easily find Accomplices wicked enough to concur in so cruel an Action; for it may be conceived, that even those who had by a long Gradation of Guilt hardened their Hearts against the Sense of common Wickedness, would yet be shocked at the Design of a Mother to expose her Son to Slavery and Want, to expose him without Interest, and without Provocation; and *Savage* might on this Occasion find Protectors and Advocates among those who had long traded in Crimes, and whom Compassion had never touched before.

Being hindered, by whatever Means, from banishing him into another Country, she formed soon after a Scheme for burying him in Poverty and Obscurity in his own; and that his Station of Life, if not the Place of his Residence, might keep him for ever at a Distance from her, she ordered him to be placed with a Shoemaker in *Holbourn*, that after the usual Time of Trial, he might become his Apprentice†.

It was to no Purpose that he frequently solicited her to admit him to her; she avoided him.  
\* † *Savage's* Preface to his Miscellany.



It is generally reported, that this Project was for some time successful, and that *Savage* was employed at the Awl longer than he was willing to confess; nor was it perhaps any great Advantage to him, that an unexpected Discovery determined him to quit his Occupation.

About this Time his Nurse, who had always treated him as her own Son, died, and it was natural for him to take Care of those Effects which by her Death were, as he imagined, become his own; he therefore went to her House, opened her Boxes, and examined her Papers, among which he found some Letters written to her by the Lady *Mason*, which informed him of his Birth, and the Reasons for which it was concealed.

He was now no longer satisfied with the Employment which had been allotted him, but thought he had a Right to share the Affluence of his Mother, and therefore without Scruple applied to her as her Son, and made use of every Art to awaken her Tenderness, and attract her Regard. But neither his Letters, nor the Interposition of those Friends which his Merit or his Distress procured him, made any Impression upon her: She still resolved to neglect, though she could no longer disown him.

It was to no Purpose that he frequently solicited her to admit him to see her; she avoided him

him with the most vigilant Precaution, and ordered him to be excluded from her House, by whomsoever he might be introduced, and what Reason soever he might give for entering it.

*Savage* was at the same Time so touched with the Discovery of his real Mother, that it was his frequent Practice to walk in the dark Evenings \* for several Hours before her Door, in Hopes of seeing her as she might come by Accident to the Window, or cross her Apartment with a Candle in her Hand.

But all his Affiduity and Tenderneſs were without Effect, for he could neither soften her Heart, nor open her Hand, and was reduced to the utmost Miseries of Want, while he was endeavouring to awaken the Affection of a Mother: He was therefore obliged to seek some other Means of Support, and having no Profession, became, by Necessity, an Author.

At this Time the Attention of all the literary World was engrossed by the *Bangorian* Controversy, which filled the Press with Pamphlets, and the Coffee-houses with Disputants. Of this Subject, as most popular, he made Choice for his first Attempt, and without any other Knowledge of the Question, than he had casually collected from Conversation, published a Poem against the Bishop.

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\* *Plain Dealer.*

What was the Success or Merit of this Performance I know not, it was probably lost among the innumerable Pamphlets to which that Dispute gave Occasion. Mr *Savage* was himself in a little time ashamed of it, and endeavoured to suppress it, by destroying all the Copies that he could collect.

He then attempted a more gainful Kind of Writing †, and in his eighteenth Year offered to the Stage a Comedy borrowed from a *Spanish* Plot, which was refused by the Players, and was therefore given by him to Mr *Bullock*, who having more Interest, made some slight Alterations, and brought it upon the Stage, under the Title of \* *Woman's a Riddle*, but allowed the unhappy Author no Part of the Profit.

Not discouraged however at this Repulse, he wrote two Years afterwards *Love in a Veil*, another Comedy, borrowed likewise from the *Spanish*, but with little better Success than before; for though it was received and acted, yet it appeared so late in the Year, that the Author obtained no other Advantage from it, than the Acquaintance of Sir *Richard Steele*, and Mr *Wilks*; by whom he was pitied, caressed, and relieved.

Sir

† *Jacob's* Lives of Dramatick Poets.

\* This Play was printed first in 8vo, and afterwards in 12mo, the fifth Edition.



Sir *Richard Steele* having declared in his Favour with all the Ardour of Benevolence which constituted his Character, promoted his Interest with the utmost Zeal, related his Misfortunes, applauded his Merit, took all Opportunities of recommending him, and asserted \* that *the Inhumanity of his Mother had given him a Right to find every good Man his Father.*

Nor was Mr *Savage* admitted to his Acquaintance only, but to his Confidence, of which he sometimes related an Instance too extraordinary to be omitted, as it affords a very just Idea of his Patron's Character.

He was once desired by Sir *Richard*, with an Air of the utmost Importance, to come very early to his House the next Morning. Mr *Savage* came as he had promised, found the Chariot at the Door, and Sir *Richard* waiting for him, and ready to go out. What was intended, and whither they were to go, *Savage* could not conjecture, and was not willing to enquire, but immediately seated himself with his Friend, the Coachman was ordered to drive, and they hurried with the utmost Expedition to *Hyde-Park Corner*, where they stopped at a petty Tavern, and retired to a private Room. Sir *Richard* then informed him, that he intended to publish a Pamphlet, and that he had desired him to come thither that he might write for him. They soon sat  
down

\* *Plain Dealer.*

down to the Work, Sir *Richard* dictated, and *Savage* wrote, till the Dinner that had been ordered was put upon the Table. *Savage* was surpris'd at the Meanness of the Entertainment, and after some Hesitation, ventured to ask for Wine, which Sir *Richard*, not without Reluctance, ordered to be brought. They then finished their Dinner, and proceeded in their Pamphlet, which they concluded in the Afternoon.

Mr *Savage* then imagined his Task over, and expected that Sir *Richard* would call for the Reckoning, and return home ; but his Expectations deceived him, for Sir *Richard* told him, that he was without Money, and that the Pamphlet must be sold before the Dinner could be paid for ; and *Savage* was therefore obliged to go and offer their new Production to Sale for two Guineas, which with some Difficulty he obtained. Sir *Richard* then returned home, having retired that Day only to avoid his Creditors, and compos'd the Pamphlet only to discharge his Reckoning.

Mr *Savage* related another Fact equally uncommon, which, though it has no Relation to his Life, ought to be preserved. Sir *Richard Steele* having one Day invited to his House a great Number of Persons of the first Quality, they were surpris'd at the Number of Liveries which surrounded the Table ; and after

ter Dinner, when Wine and Mirth had set them free from the Observation of rigid Ceremony, one of them enquired of Sir *Richard*, how such an expensive Train of Domesticks could be consistent with his Fortune. He with great Frankness confessed, that they were Fellows of whom he would very willingly be rid. And being then asked, why he did not discharge them, declared that they were Bailiffs who had introduced themselves with an Execution, and whom, since he could not send them away, he had thought it convenient to embellish with Liveries, that they might do him Credit while they staid.

His Friends were diverted with the Expedient, and by paying the Debt discharged their Attendance, having obliged Sir *Richard* to promise that they should never again find him graced with a Retinue of the same Kind.

Under such a Tutor, Mr *Savage* was not likely to learn Prudence or Frugality, and perhaps many of the Misfortunes which the Want of those Virtues brought upon him in the following Parts of his Life, might be justly imputed to so unimproving an Example.

Nor did the Kindness of Sir *Richard* end in common Favours. He proposed to have established him in some settled Scheme of Life, and to have contracted a Kind of Alliance with him, by marrying him to a natural Daughter,

on



on whom he intended to bestow a thousand Pounds. But though he was always lavish of future Bounties, he conducted his Affairs in such a Manner, that he was very seldom able to keep his Promises, or execute his own Intentions; and as he was never able to raise the Sum which he had offered, the Marriage was delayed. In the mean Time he was officiously informed that Mr *Savage* had ridiculed him; by which he was so much exasperated, that he withdrew the Allowance which he had paid him, and never afterwards admitted him to his House.

It is not indeed unlikely that *Savage* might by his Imprudence expose himself to the Malice of a Tale-bearer; for his Patron had many Follies, which as his Discernment easily discovered, his Imagination might sometimes incite him to mention too ludicrously. A little Knowledge of the World is sufficient to discover that such Weakness is very common, and that there are few who do not sometimes in the Wantonness of thoughtless Mirth, or the Heat of transient Resentment, speak of their Friends and Benefactors with Levity and Contempt, though in their cooler Moments, they want neither Sense of their Kindness, nor Reverence for their Virtue. The Fault therefore of Mr *Savage* was rather Negligence than Ingratitude; but Sir *Richard* must likewise be acquitted

quitted of Severity, for who is there that can patiently bear Contempt from one whom he has relieved and supported, whose Establishment he has laboured, and whose Interest he has promoted?

He was now again abandoned to Fortune, without any other Friend than Mr *Wilks*; a Man, who, whatever were his Abilities or Skill as an Actor, deserves at least to be remembered for his Virtues\*, which are not often to be  
D found

\* As it is a Loss to Mankind, when any good Action is forgotten, I shall insert another Instance of Mr *Wilks*'s Generosity, very little known. Mr *Smith*, a Gentleman educated at *Dublin*, being hindered by an Impediment in his Pronunciation from engaging in Orders, for which his Friends designed him, left his own Country, and came to *London* in Quest of Employment, but found his Solicitations fruitless, and his Necessities every Day more pressing. In this Distress he wrote a Tragedy, and offered it to the Players, by whom it was rejected. Thus were his last Hopes defeated, and he had no other Prospect than of the most deplorable Poverty. But Mr *Wilks* thought his Performance, though not perfect, at least worthy of some Reward, and therefore offered him a Benefit. This Favour he improved with so much Diligence, that the House afforded him a considerable Sum, with which he went to *Leyden*, applied himself to the Study of Physic, and prosecuted his Design with so much Diligence and Success, that when Dr *Boerhaave* was desired by the Czarina to recommend proper Persons to introduce into *Russia* the Practice and Study of Physic, Dr *Smith* was one of those whom he selected. He had a considerable Pension settled on him at his Arrival, and is now one of the chief Physicians at the *Russian* Court.

found in the World, and perhaps less often in his Profession than in others. To be humane, generous and candid, is a very high Degree of Merit in any State; but those Qualities deserve still greater Praise, when they are found in that Condition, which makes almost every other Man, for whatever Reason, contemptuous, insolent, petulant, selfish, and brutal.

As Mr *Wilks* was one of those to whom Calamity seldom complained without Relief, he naturally took an unfortunate Wit into his Protection, and not only assisted him in any casual Distresses, but continued an equal and steady Kindness to the Time of his Death.

By his Interposition Mr *Savage* once obtained from his Mother † fifty Pounds, and a Promise of one hundred and fifty more; but it was the Fate of this unhappy Man, that few Promises of any Advantage to him were performed. His Mother was infected among others with the general Madness of the *South-Sea* Traffick, and having been disappointed in her Expectations, refused to pay what perhaps nothing but the Prospect of sudden Affluence prompted her to promise.

Being thus obliged to depend upon the Friendship of Mr *Wilks*, he was consequently an assiduous Frequenter of the Theatres, and in a short

† This I write upon the Credit of the Author of his Life, which was published 1727.



a short Time the Amusements of the Stage took such Possession of his Mind, that he never was absent from a Play in several Years.

This constant Attendance naturally procured him the Acquaintance of the Players, and among others, of Mrs *Oldfield*, who was so much pleased with his Conversation, and touched with his Misfortunes, that she allowed him a settled Pension of fifty Pounds a Year, which was during her Life regularly paid.

That this Act of Generosity may receive its due Praise, and that the good Actions of Mrs *Oldfield* may not be sullied by her general Character, it is proper to mention, what Mr *Savage* often declared in the strongest Terms, that he never saw her alone, or in any other Place than behind the Scenes.

At her Death, he endeavoured to shew his Gratitude in the most decent Manner, by wearing Mourning as for a Mother, but did not celebrate her in Elegies, because he knew that too great Profusion of Praise would only have revived those Faults which his natural Equity did not allow him to think less, because they were committed by one who favoured him; but of which, though his Virtue would not endeavour to palliate them, his Gratitude would not suffer him to prolong the Memory, or diffuse the Censure.

In his *Wanderer*, he has indeed taken an Opportunity of mentioning her, but celebrates her not for her Virtue, but her Beauty, an Excellence which none ever denied her : This is the only Encomium with which he has rewarded her Liberality, and perhaps he has even in this been too lavish of his Praise. He seems to have thought that never to mention his Benefactress, would have an Appearance of Ingratitude, though to have dedicated any particular Performance to her Memory, would have only betrayed an officious Partiality, that, without exalting her Character, would have depressed his own.

He had sometimes, by the Kindness of Mr *Wilks*, the Advantage of a Benefit, on which Occasions he often received uncommon Marks of Regard and Compassion ; and was once told by the Duke of *Dorset*, that it was just to consider him as an injured Nobleman, and that in his Opinion the Nobility ought to think themselves obliged without Solicitation to take every Opportunity of supporting him by their Countenance and Patronage. But he had generally the Mortification to hear that the whole Interest of his Mother was employed to frustrate his Applications, and that she never left any Expedient untried, by which he might be cut off from the Possibility of supporting Life. The same Disposition she endeavoured to diffuse among

mong all those over whom Nature or Fortune gave her any Influence, and indeed succeeded too well in her Design, but could not always propagate her Effrontery with her Cruelty, for some of those whom she incited against him, were ashamed of their own Conduct, and boasted of that Relief which they never gave him.

In this Censure I do not indiscriminately involve all his Relations; for he has mentioned with Gratitude the Humanity of one Lady, whose Name I am now unable to recollect, and to whom therefore I cannot pay the Praises which she deserves for having acted well in Opposition to Influence, Precept and Example.

The Punishment which our Laws inflict upon those Parents who murder their Infants, is well known, nor has its Justice ever been contested; but if they deserve Death who destroy a Child in its Birth, what Pains can be severe enough for her who forbears to destroy him only to inflict sharper Miseries upon him; who prolongs his Life only to make it miserable; and who exposes him without Care and without Pity, to the Malice of Oppression, the Caprices of Chance, and the Temptations of Poverty; who rejoices to see him overwhelmed with Calamities; and when his own Industry, or the Charity of others, has enabled him to rise for a short Time above his Miseries, plunges him again into his former Distress?

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The Kindness of his Friends not affording him any constant Supply, and the Prospect of improving his Fortune, by enlarging his Acquaintance, necessarily leading him to Places of Expence, he found it necessary \* to endeavour once more at dramatic Poetry, for which he was now better qualified by a more extensive Knowledge, and longer Observation. But having been unsuccessful in Comedy, though rather for Want of Opportunities than Genius, he resolved now to try whether he should not be more fortunate in exhibiting a Tragedy.

The Story which he chose for the Subject, was that of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, a Story well adapted to the Stage, though perhaps not far enough removed from the present Age, to admit properly the Fictions necessary to complete the Plan; for the Mind which naturally loves Truth is always most offended with the Violation of those Truths of which we are most certain, and we of course conceive those Facts most certain which approach nearest to our own Time.

Out of this Story he formed a Tragedy, which, if the Circumstances in which he wrote it be considered, will afford at once an uncommon Proof of Strength of Genius, and Evenness of Mind, of a Serenity not to be ruffled, and an Imagination not to be suppressed.

During

\* In 1724.

During a considerable Part of the Time, in which he was employed upon this Performance, he was without Lodging, and often without Meat; nor had he any other Conveniences for Study than the Fields or the Streets allowed him, there he used to walk and form his Speeches, and afterwards step into a Shop, beg for a few Moments the Use of the Pen and Ink, and write down what he had composed upon Paper which he had picked up by Accident.

If the Performance of a Writer thus distressed is not perfect, its Faults ought surely to be imputed to a Cause very different from Want of Genius, and must rather excite Pity than provoke Censure.

But when under these Discouragements the Tragedy was finished, there yet remained the Labour of introducing it on the Stage, an Undertaking which to an ingenuous Mind was in a very high Degree vexatious and disgusting; for having little Interest or Reputation, he was obliged to submit himself wholly to the Players, and admit, with whatever Reluctance, the E-mendations of Mr *Cibber*, which he always considered as the Disgrace of his Performance.

He had indeed in Mr *Hill* another Critic of a very different Class, from whose Friendship he received great Assistance on many Occasions, and whom he never mentioned but with the  
utmost

utmost Tendernefs and Regard\*. He had been for some Time distinguished by him with very particular Kindnefs, and on this Occasion it was natural to apply to him as an Author of an established Character. He therefore sent this Tragedy to him with a short Copy of Verfes†, in

\* He inscribed to him a short Poem, called *The Friend*, printed in his Miscellanies, in which he addresses him with the utmost Ardour of Affection.

O lov'd *Hillarius* ! thou by Heav'n design'd  
To charm, to mend, and to instruct Mankind :  
To whom my Hopes, Fears, Joys, and Sorrows tend,  
Thou Brother, Father, nearer yet—thou Friend——  
—Kind are my Wrongs, I thence thy Friendship own,  
What State could blefs, were I to thee unknown ?  
—While shun'd, obscur'd, or thwarted and expos'd,  
By Friends abandon'd, and by Foes enclos'd,  
Thy Guardian Counsel softens ev'ry Care,  
To Ease sooths Anguish, and to Hope, Despair.

† To A. HILL, Esq; with the Tragedy of Sir  
THOMAS OVERBURY.

As the Soul strip'd of mortal Clay  
Shews all divinely fair,  
And boundless roves the Milky Way,  
And views sweet Prospects there :  
This Hero clog'd with drossy Lines  
By thee new Vigour tries ;  
As thy correcting Hand refines  
Bright Scenes around him rise.  
Thy Touch brings the wish'd Stone to pass,  
So sought, so long foretold ;  
It turns polluted Lead and Brass  
At once to purest Gold.



in which he desired his Correction. Mr *Hill*, whose Humanity and Politeness are generally known, readily complied with his Request; but as he is remarkable for Singularity of Sentiment, and bold Experiments in Language, Mr *Savage* did not think his Play much improved by his Innovation, and had even at that Time the Courage to reject several Passages which he could not approve; and, what is still more laudable, Mr *Hill* had the Generosity not to resent the Neglect of his Alterations, but wrote the Prologue and Epilogue, in which he touches on the Circumstances of the Author with great Tenderness.\*

After all these Obstructions and Compliances, he was only able to bring his Play upon the Stage in the Summer, when the chief Actors had retired, and the rest were in Possession of the House for their own Advantage. Among these Mr *Savage* was admitted to play the Part of Sir *Thomas Overbury*, by which he gained no great Reputation, the Theatre being a Province for which Nature seemed not to have designed him; for neither his Voice, Look, nor Gesture, were such as are  
E expected

- \* In a full World our Author lives alone,  
Unhappy, and by Consequence unknown;  
Yet amidst Sorrow he disdains Complaint,  
Nor languid in the Race of Life grows faint:  
He swims, unyielding, against Fortune's Stream,  
Nor to his private Sufferings stoops his Theme.

expected on the Stage, and he was himself so much ashamed of having been reduced to appear as a Player, that he always blotted out his Name from the List, when a Copy of his Tragedy was to be shown to his Friends.

In the Publication of his Performance he was more successful, for the Rays of Genius that glimmered in it, that glimmered through all the Mists which Poverty had been able to spread over it, procured him the Notice and Esteem of many Persons eminent for their Rank, their Virtue, and their Wit.

Of this Play, acted, printed, and dedicated, the accumulated Profits arose to an hundred Pounds, which he thought at that Time a very large Sum, having been never Master of so much before.

In the Dedication\*, for which he received ten Guineas, there is nothing remarkable. The Preface contains a very liberal Encomium on the blooming Excellencies of Mr *Theophilus Cibber*, which Mr *Savage* could not in the latter Part of his Life see his Friends about to read, without snatching the Play out of their Hands.

The Generosity of Mr *Hill* did not end on this Occasion; for afterwards, when Mr *Savage's* Necessities returned, he encouraged a Subscription to a Miscellany of Poems in a very extraordinary Manner, by publishing his Story

\* To ———— *Tryste, Esq; of Herefordshire.*

Story in the *Plain Dealer* \*, with some affecting Lines†, which he asserts to have been written

\* The *Plain Dealer* was a periodical Paper written by Mr *Hill* and Mr *Bond*, whom Mr *Savage* called the two contending Powers of Light and Darkness. They wrote by Turns, each fix Essays, and the Character of the Work was observed regularly to rise in Mr *Hill*'s Weeks, and fall in Mr *Bond*'s.

† Hopeless, abandon'd, aimless, and oppress'd,  
Lost to Delight, and, ev'ry Way, distress'd;  
Cross his cold Bed, in wild Disorder, thrown,  
Thus sigh'd *Alexis*, friendless, and alone——

Why do I breathe?—What Joy can Being give?  
When she, who gave me Life, forgets I live!  
Feels not these wintry Blasts;—nor heeds my Smart;  
But shuts me from the Shelter of her Heart!  
Saw me expos'd to Want! to Shame! to Scorn!  
To Ills!——which make it *Misery*, to be born!  
Cast me, regardless, on the World's bleak Wild;  
And bade me be a Wretch, while yet a Child!

Where can he hope for Pity, Peace, or Rest,  
Who moves no Softness in a Mother's Breast?  
Custom, Law, Reason, *all!* my Cause forsake,  
And *Nature sleeps*, to keep my Woes *awake!*  
Crimes, which the *Cruel* scarce believe can be,  
The *Kind* are guilty of, to ruin *me*.

Ev'n she, who bore me, blasts me with her Hate,  
And, *meant my Fortune*, makes herself my *Fate*.

Yet has this sweet Neglecter of my Woes,  
The softest, tend'rest Breast, that *Pity* knows!  
Her Eyes shed Mercy, wherefoe'er they shine;  
And her Soul *melts* at ev'ry Woe——but *mine*.  
Sure then! some secret Fate, for Guilt unwill'd,  
Some Sentence pre-ordain'd to be fulfill'd!



written by Mr *Savage* upon the Treatment received by him from his Mother, but of which he was himself the Author, as Mr *Savage* afterwards declared. These Lines, and the Paper in which they were inserted, had a very powerful Effect upon all but his Mother, whom, by making her Cruelty more publick, they only hardened in her Aversion.

Mr *Hill* not only promoted the Subscription to the Miscellany, but furnished likewise the greatest Part of the Poems of which it is composed, and particularly *the Happy Man*, which he published as a Specimen.

The Subscriptions of those whom these Papers should influence to patronise Merit in Distress, without any other Solicitation, were directed to be left at *Button's* Coffee-house; and Mr *Savage* going thither a few Days afterwards, without Expectation of any Effect from his Proposal, found to his Surprise seventy Guineas†, which had been sent him in

Plung'd me, thus deep, in Sorrow's searching Flood;  
And wash'd me from the Mem'ry of her Blood.

But, Oh! whatever Cause has mov'd her Hate,  
Let me but sigh, in Silence, at my Fate;  
The God, *within*, perhaps may touch her Breast;  
And, when she *pities*, who can be distress'd?

† The Names of those who so generously contributed to his Relief, having been mentioned in a former Account, ought not to be omitted here. They were the Dutchess of  
Cleveland,

in Consequence of the Compassion excited by Mr *Hill's* pathetic Representation.

To this Miscellany he publish'd a Preface\*, in which he gives an Account of his Mother's Cruelty

*Cleveland*, Lady *Cheyney*, Lady *Castlemain*, Lady *Gower*, Lady *Lechmere*, the Dutchess Dowager, and Dutchess of *Rutland*, Lady *Strafford*, the Countess Dowager of *Warwick*, Mrs *Mary Floyer*, Mrs *Sofuel Noel*, Duke of *Rutland*, Lord *Gainsborough*, Lord *Milington*, Mr *John Savage*;

\* This Preface is as follows :

*Crudelis Mater magis, an Puer improbus ille?*

*Improbus ille Puer, crudelis tu quoque Mater.* Virg.

My Readers, I am afraid, when they observe *Richard Savage* join'd so close, and so constantly, to *Son of the late Earl Rivers*, will impute to a ridiculous Vanity, what is the Effect of an unhappy Necessity, which my hard Fortune has thrown me under—I am to be pardoned for adhering a little tenaciously to my Father, because my Mother will allow me to be No-body; and has almost reduced me, among heavier Afflictions, to that uncommon Kind of Want, which the *Indians* of *America* complained of at our first settling among them; when they came to beg Names of the *English*, because (said they) we are poor Men of ourselves, and have none we can lay Claim to.

The good Nature of those, to whom I have not the Honour to be known, would forgive me the ludicrous Turn of this Beginning, if they knew but how little Reason I have to be merry.—It was my Misfortune to be Son of the above-mentioned Earl, by the late Countess of *Macclesfield*, (now Widow of Colonel *Henry Bret*) whose Divorce, on Occasion of the Amour which I was a Consequence of, has left something on Record, which I take to be very remarkable; and it is this: Certain of our great Judges, in their temporal Decisions, act with a spiritual

Regard

Cruelty in a very uncommon Strain of Humour, and with a Gaiety of Imagination, which

Regard to *Levitical Divinity*; and in particular to the Ten Commandments: Two of which seem in my Case, to have visibly influenced their Opinions—*Thou shalt not commit Adultery*, pointed fullest on my Mother: But, as to *The Lord's visiting the Sins of the Fathers upon the Children*, it was considered as what could regard me only: And for that Reason, I suppose, it had been inconsistent with the Rules of Sanctity, to assign Provision out of my Mother's return'd Estate, for Support of an Infant Sinner.

Thus, while *legally* the Son of one Earl, and *naturally* of another, I am, *nominally*, No-body's Son at all: For the Lady having given me *too much Father*, thought it but an equivalent Deduction, to leave me *no Mother*, by Way of Balance—So I am sported into the World, a Kind of Shuttlecock, between Law and Nature—If Law had not beaten me back, by the Stroke of an Act, on purpose, I had not been *above Wit*, by the Privilege of a Man of Quality: Nay, I might have preserved into the Bargain, the Lives of *Duke Hamilton* and *Lord Mohun*, whose Dispute arose from the Estate of that Earl of *Macclesfield*, whom (but for the mentioned Act) I must have called *Father*—And, if Nature had not struck me off, with a stronger Blow than Law did, the other Earl, who was most *emphatically* my Father, could never have been told, I was *dead*, when he was about to enable me, by his *Will*, to have lived to some Purpose. An unaccountable Severity of a Mother! whom I was then not old enough to have deserved it from: And by which I am a single unhappy Instance, among that Nobleman's natural Children; and thrown, friendless on the World, without Means of supporting myself; and without Authority to apply to those, whose Duty I know it is to support me.

Thus



which the Success of his Subscription probably produced.

The

Thus however ill qualified I am to *live by my Wits*, I have the best Plea in the World for attempting it; since it is too apparent, that I was *born to it*—Having wearied my Judgment with fruitless Endeavours to be happy, I gave the Reins to my Fancy, that I might learn, at least, to be *easy*.

But I cease a while to speak of *myself*, that I may say something of my Miscellany—I was furnished, by the Verses of my Friends, with *Wit* enough to deserve a Subscription; but I wanted another much more profitable Quality, which should have emboldened me to solicit it, (another of my Wants, that, I hope, may be imputed to my Mother!) I had met with little Encouragement, but for the Endeavours of some few Gentlemen, in my Behalf, who were generous enough to consider my ill Fortune, as a Merit that intitled me to their Notice.

Among these I am particularly indebted to the Author of the *Plain Dealers*, who was pleased, in two of his Papers (which I intreat his Pardon, for reprinting before my Miscellany) to point out my unhappy Story to the World, with so touching a Humanity, and so good an Effect, that many Persons of Quality, of all Ranks, and of both Sexes, distinguished themselves with the Promptness he had hinted to the noble-minded; and not staying till they were applied to, sent me the Honour of their Subscriptions, in the most liberal and handsome Manner, for Encouragement of my Undertaking.

I ought here to acknowledge several Favours from Mr *Hill*, whose Writings are a shining Ornament of this Miscellany; but I wave detaining my Readers, and beg Leave to refer them to a Copy of Verses called the *Friend*, which I have taken the Liberty to address to that Gentleman.

To

The Dedication is addressed to the Lady Mary Wortley Montague, whom he flatters with-

To return to the Lady, my Mother—Had the celebrated Mr Locke been acquainted with her Example, it had certainly appeared in his *Chapter* against innate practical Principles; because it would have completed his Instances of Enormities: Some of which, though not exactly in the Order that he mentions them, are as follow—*Have there not been* (says he) *whole Nations, and those of the most civilized People, amongst whom, the exposing their Children, to perish by Want or wild Beasts, has been a Practice as little condemned or scrupled as the begetting them?* Were I inclinable to be serious, I could easily prove that I have not been more gently dealt with by Mrs Bret; but if this is any way foreign to my Case, I shall find a nearer Example in the whimsical one that ensues.

*It is familiar* (says the afore-cited Author) *among the Mengrelians, a People professing Christianity, to bury their Children alive without Scruple*—There are indeed sundry Sects of Christians, and I have often wondered which could be my *Mamma's*, but now I find she piously professes and practises Christianity after the Manner of the *Mengrelians*; she industriously obscured me, when my Fortune depended on my being known, and, in that Sense, she may be said to have buried me alive; and sure, like a *Mengrelian*, she must have committed the Action without Scruple; for she is a Woman of Spirit, and can see the Consequence without Remorse—*The Caribees* (continues my Author) *were wont to castrate their Children in order to fat and eat them*—Here indeed I can draw no Parallel; for to speak Justice of the Lady, she never contributed ought to have me pampered, but always promoted my being starved: Nor did she, even in my Infancy, betray Fondness enough to be suspected of a Design to devour me; but, on the contrary, not enduring

without Reserve, and, to confess the Truth, with very little \* Art. The same Observation

may

during me ever to approach her, offered a Bribe to have me shipp'd off, in an odd Manner, to one of the Plantations—When I was about fifteen her Affection began to awake, and had I but known my Interest, I had been handsomly provided for. In short, I was solicited to be bound Apprentice to a very honest and reputable Occupation—a *Shoemaker*; an Offer which I undutifully rejected. I was, in fine, unwilling to understand her in a literal Sense, and hoped, that, like the Prophets of old, she might have hinted her Mind in a Kind of Parable, or proverbial Way of speaking; as thus—That one Time or other I might, on due Application, have the Honour of taking the Length of her Foot.

Mr *Locke* mentions another Set of People that dispatch their Children, if a pretended Astrologer declares them to have unhappy Stars—Perhaps my *Mamma* has procured some cunning Man to calculate my Nativity; or having had some ominous Dream, which preceded my Birth, the dire Event may have appeared to her in the dark and dreary Bottom of a *China* Cup, where Coffee-Stains are often consulted for Prophecies, and held as infallible as were the Leaves of the ancient *Sybil*s—To be partly serious: I am rather willing to wrong her Judgment, by suspecting it to be tainted a little with the Tenets of Superstition, than suppose she can be Mistress of a seared Conscience, and act on no Principle at all.

\* This the following Extract from it will prove.  
—“ Since our Country has been honoured with the Glory of your Wit, as elevated and immortal as your Soul, it no longer remains a Doubt whether your Sex have Strength of Mind in Proportion to their Sweetness. There is something in your Verses as distinguished as your Air—They



may be extended to all his Dedications: His Compliments are constrained and violent, heaped together without the Grace of Order, or the Decency of Introduction: He seems to have written his Panegyrics for the Perusal only of his Patrons, and to have imagined that he had no other Task than to pamper them with Praises however gross, and that Flattery would make its Way to the Heart, without the Assistance of Elegance or Invention.

Soon afterwards the Death of the King furnished a general Subject for a poetical Contest, in which Mr *Savage* engaged, and is allowed to have carried the Prize of Honour from his Competitors; but I know not whether he gained by his Performance any other Advantage than the Increase of his Reputation; though it must certainly have been with farther Views that he prevailed upon himself to attempt a Species of Writing, of which all the

are as strong as Truth, as deep as Reason, as clear as Innocence, and as smooth as Beauty——They contain a nameless and peculiar Mixture of Force and Grace, which is at once so movingly serene, and so majestically lovely, that it is too amiable to appear any where but in your Eyes, and in your Writings.”

“As Fortune is not more my Enemy than I am the Enemy of Flattery, I know not how I can forbear this Application to your Ladyship, because there is scarce a Possibility that I should say more than I believe, when I am speaking of your Excellence.”—

the Topics had been long before exhausted, and which was made at once difficult by the Multitudes that had failed in it, and those that had succeeded.

He was now advancing in Reputation, and though frequently involved in very distressful Perplexities, appeared however to be gaining upon Mankind, when both his Fame and his Life were endangered by an Event, of which it is not yet determined, whether it ought to be mentioned as a Crime or a Calamity.

On the 20th of November 1727. Mr. Savage came from *Richmond*, where he then lodged that he might pursue his Studies without Interruption, with an Intent to discharge another Lodging which he had in *Westminster*; and accidentally meeting two Gentlemen his Acquaintances, whose Names were *Merchant* and *Gregory*, he went in with them to a neighbouring Coffee-house, and sat drinking till it was late, it being in no Time of Mr. Savage's Life any Part of his Character to be the first of the Company that desired to separate. He would willingly have gone to Bed in the same House, but there was not Room for the whole Company, and therefore they agreed to ramble about the Streets, and divert themselves with such A-

amusements as should offer themselves till Morning.

In their Walk they happened unluckily to discover Light in *Robinson's* Coffee-house, near *Charing-Cross*, and therefore went in. *Merchant*, with some Rudeness, demanded a Room, and was told that there was a good Fire in the next Parlour, which the Company were about to leave, being then paying their Reckoning. *Merchant* not satisfied with this Answer, rushed into the Room, and was followed by his Companions. He then petulantly placed himself between the Company and the Fire, and soon after kicked down the Table. This produced a Quarrel, Swords were drawn on both Sides, and one *Mr James Sinclair* was killed. *Savage* having wounded likewise a Maid that held him, forced his Way with *Merchant* out of the House; but being intimidated and confused, without Resolution either to fly or stay, they were taken in a back Court by one of the Company and some Soldiers, whom he had called to his Assistance.

Being secured and guarded that Night, they were in the Morning carried before three Justices, who committed them to the *Gate-house*, from whence, upon the Death of *Mr Sinclair*, which happened the same Day, they



they were removed in the Night to *Newgate*, where they were however treated with some Distinction, exempted from the Ignominy of Chains, and confined, not among the common Criminals, but in the *Press-Yard*.

When the Day of Trial<sup>x</sup> came, the Court was crouded in a very unusual Manner, and the Publick appeared to interest itself as in a Cause of general Concern. The Witnesses against Mr *Savage* and his Friends were, the Woman who kept the House, which was a House of ill Fame, and her Maid, the Men who were in the Room with Mr *Sinclair*, and a Woman of the Town, who had been drinking with them, and with whom one of them had been seen in Bed. They swore in general, that *Merchant* gave the Provocation, which *Savage* and *Gregory* drew their Swords to justify; that *Savage* drew first, and that he stabbed *Sinclair* when he was not in a Posture of Defence, or while *Gregory* commanded his Sword; that after he had given the Thrust he turned pale, and would have retired, but that the Maid clung round him, and one of the Company endeavoured to detain him, from whom he broke, by cutting the Maid on the Head, but was afterwards taken in a Court.

There was some Difference in their Depositions; one did not see *Savage* give the Wound, another saw it given when *Sinclair* held his  
Point

*Monday*  
*Dec. 7.*

Point towards the Ground ; and the Woman of the Town asserted, that she did not see *Sinclair's* Sword at all : This Difference however was very far from amounting to Inconsistency, but it was sufficient to shew, that the Hurry of the Quarrel was such, that it was not easy to discover the Truth with relation to particular Circumstances, and that therefore some Deductions were to be made from the Credibility of the Testimonies.

*Sinclair* had declared several times before his Death, that he received his Wound from *Savage* ; nor did *Savage* at his Trial deny the Fact, but endeavoured partly to extenuate it by urging the Suddenness of the whole Action, and the Impossibility of any ill Design, or premeditated Malice, and partly to justify it by the Necessity of Self-Defence, and the Hazard of his own Life, if he had lost that Opportunity of giving the Thrust : He observed, that neither Reason nor Law obliged a Man to wait for the Blow which was threatned, and which, if he should suffer it, he might never be able to return ; that it was always allowable to prevent an Assault, and to preserve Life by taking away that of the Adversary, by whom it was endangered.

With regard to the Violence with which he endeavoured his Escape, he declared, that it was not his Design to fly from Justice, or  
decline

decline a Trial, but to avoid the Expences and Severities of a Prison, and that he intended to have appeared at the Bar without Compulsion.

This Defence, which took up more than an Hour, was heard by the Multitude that thronged the Court with the most attentive and respectful Silence : Those who thought he ought not to be acquitted owned that Applause could not be refused him ; and those who before pitied his Misfortunes, now revered his Abilities.

The Witnesses which appeared against him were proved to be Persons of Characters which did not entitle them to much Credit ; a common Strumpet, a Woman by whom Strumpets were entertained, and a Man by whom they were supported ; and the Character of *Savage* was by several Persons of Distinction asserted, to be that of a modest inoffensive Man, not inclined to Broils, or to Insolence, and who had, to that Time, been only known for his Misfortunes and his Wit.

Had his Audience been his Judges, he had undoubtedly been acquitted ; but *Mr Page*, *St. Francis* who was then upon the Bench, treated him with his usual Insolence and Severity, and when he had summed up the Evidence, endeavoured to exasperate the Jury, as *Mr Savage* used to relate it, with this eloquent Harangue.

“ Gentlemen



“ Gentlemen of the Jury, you are to con-  
 “ sider, that Mr *Savage* is a very great Man,  
 “ a much greater Man than you or I, Gentle-  
 “ men of the Jury; that he wears very fine  
 “ Clothes, much finer Clothes than you or I,  
 “ Gentlemen of the Jury; that he has abun-  
 “ dance of Money in his Pocket, much more  
 “ Money than you or I, Gentlemen of the  
 “ Jury; but, Gentlemen of the Jury, is it  
 “ not a very hard Case, Gentlemen of the  
 “ Jury, that Mr *Savage* should therefore kill  
 “ you or me, Gentlemen of the Jury?”

Mr *Savage* hearing his Defence thus mis-  
 represented, and the Men who were to decide  
 his Fate incited against him by invidious  
 Comparisons, resolutely asserted, that his Cause  
 was not candidly explained, and began to re-  
 capitulate what he had before said with re-  
 gard to his Condition, and the Necessity of  
 endeavouring to escape the Expences of Im-  
 prisonment; but the Judge having ordered  
 him to be silent, and repeated his Orders  
 without Effect, commanded that he should  
 be taken from the Bar by Force.

The Jury then heard the Opinion of the  
 Judge, that good Characters were of no  
 Weight against positive Evidence, though they  
 might turn the Scale, where it was doubtful;  
 and that though when two Men attack each  
 other,

other, the Death of either is only Man-  
slaughter ; but where one is the Aggressor, as  
in the Case before them, and in Pursuance  
of his first Attack, kills the other, the Law  
supposes the Action, however sudden, to be  
malicious. They then deliberated upon their  
Verdict, and determined that Mr *Savage* and  
Mr *Gregory* were guilty of Murder, and  
Mr *Merchant*, who had no Sword, only of  
Manlaughter.

Thus ended this memorable Trial, which  
lasted eight Hours. Mr *Savage* and Mr *Gre-  
gory* were conducted back to Prison, where  
they were more closely confined, and loaded  
with Irons of fifty Pounds Weight : Four  
Days afterwards they were sent back to the  
Court to receive Sentence ; on which Occa-  
sion Mr *Savage* made, as far as it could be  
retained in Memory, the following Speech...

" It is now, my Lord, too late to offer  
" any Thing by way of Defence, or Vindi-  
" cation ; nor can we expect ought from your  
" Lordships, in this Court, but the Sentence  
" which the Law requires you, as Judges, to  
" pronounce against Men of our calamitous  
" Condition. — But we are also persuaded,  
" that as mere Men, and out of this Seat of  
" rigorous Justice, you are susceptible of the  
" tender Passions, and too humane, not to  
" com-

“ commiserate the unhappy Situation of those  
 “ whom the Law sometimes perhaps——  
 “ exacts——from you to pronounce upon.  
 “ No doubt you distinguish between Offences,  
 “ which arise out of Premeditation, and a  
 “ Disposition habituated to Vice or Immo-  
 “ rality, and Transgressions, which are the  
 “ unhappy and unforeseen Effects of a casual  
 “ Absence of Reason, and sudden Impulse of  
 “ Passion : We therefore hope you will con-  
 “ tribute all you can to an Extension of that  
 “ Mercy, which the Gentlemen of the Jury  
 “ have been pleased to shew Mr *Merchant*,  
 “ who (allowing Facts as sworn against us by  
 “ the Evidence) has led us into this our Ca-  
 “ lamity. I hope, this will not be construed  
 “ as if we meant to reflect upon that Gentle-  
 “ man, or remove any Thing from us upon  
 “ him, or that we repine the more at our  
 “ Fate, because he has no Participation of it :  
 “ No, my Lord ! For my Part, I declare  
 “ nothing could more soften my Grief, than  
 “ to be without any Companion in so great  
 “ a Misfortune\*.”

Mr *Savage* had now no Hopes of Life, but  
 from the Mercy of the Crown, which was  
 very earnestly solicited by his Friends, and  
 which,

\* Mr *Savage's* Life.



which, with whatever Difficulty the Story may obtain Belief, was obstructed only by his Mother.

To prejudice the Queen against him, she made use of an Incident, which was omitted in the order of Time, that it might be mentioned together with the Purpose which it was made to serve. Mr *Savage*, when he had discovered his Birth, had an incessant Desire to speak to his Mother, who always avoided him in publick, and refused him Admission into her House. One Evening walking, as it was his Custom, in the Street that she inhabited, he saw the Door of her House by Accident open; he entered it, and finding none in the Passage, to hinder him, went up Stairs to salute her. She discovered him before he could enter her Chamber, alarmed the Family with the most distressful Outcries, and when she had by her Screams gathered them about her, ordered them to drive out of the House that Villain, who had forced himself in upon her, and endeavoured to murder her. *Savage*, who had attempted with the most submissive Tendernefs to soften her Rage, hearing her utter so detestable an Accusation, thought it prudent to retire, and, I believe, never attempted afterwards to speak to her.

But shocked as he was with her Falshood and her Cruelty, he imagined that she intend-

ed no other Use of her Lye, than to set herself free from his Embraces and Solicitations, and was very far from suspecting that she would treasure it in her Memory, as an Instrument of future Wickedness, or that she would endeavour for this fictitious Assault to deprive him of his Life.

But when the Queen was solicited for his Pardon, and informed of the severe Treatments which he had suffered from his Judge, she answered, that however unjustifiable might be the Manner of his Trial, or whatever Extenuation the Action for which he was condemned might admit, she could not think that Man a proper Object of the King's Mercy, who had been capable of entering his Mother's House in the Night, with an Intent to murder her.

By whom this atrocious Calumny had been transmitted to the Queen, whether she that invented, had the Front to relate it; whether she found any one weak enough to credit it, or corrupt enough to concur with her in her hateful Design, I know not; but Methods had been taken to persuade the Queen so strongly of the Truth of it, that she for a long Time refused to hear any of those who petitioned for his Life.

Thus had *Savage* perished by the Evidence of a Bawd, a Strumpet, and his Mother, had  
not

not Justice and Compassion procured him an Advocate of Rank too great to be rejected unheard, and of Virtue too eminent to be heard without being believed. His Merit and his Calamities happened to reach the Ear of the Countess of *Hertford*, who engaged in his Support with all the Tenderness that is excited by Pity, and all the Zeal which is kindled by Generosity, and demanding an Audience of the Queen, laid before her the whole Series of his Mother's Cruelty, exposed the Improbability of an Accusation by which he was charged with an Intent to commit a Murder, that could produce no Advantage, and soon convinced her how little his former Conduct could deserve to be mentioned as a Reason for extraordinary Severity.

The Interposition of this Lady was so successful, that he was soon after admitted to Bail, and on the 9th of *March*, 1728, pleaded the King's Pardon. *He was reprieved*

It is natural to enquire upon what Motives his Mother could prosecute him in a Manner so outrageous and implacable; for what Reason she could employ all the Acts of Malice, and all the Snares of Calumny, to take away the Life of her own Son, of a Son who never injured her, who was never supported by her Expence, nor obstructed any Prospect of Pleasure or Advantage; why she should endeavour  
to

*fine die*  
20 Decem.



to destroy him by a Lye; a Lye which could not gain Credit, but must vanish of itself at the first Moment of Examination, and of which only this can be said to make it probable, that it may be observed from her Conduct, that the most execrable Crimes are sometimes committed without apparent Temptation.

This Mother is still alive, and may perhaps even yet, though her Malice was so often defeated, enjoy the Pleasure of reflecting, that the Life which she often endeavoured to destroy, was at least shortened by her maternal Offices; that though she could not transport her Son to the Plantations, bury him in the Shop of a Mechanick, or hasten the Hand of the publick Executioner, she has yet had the Satisfaction of imbittering all his Hours, and forcing him into Exigences, that hurried on his Death.

It is by no Means necessary to aggravate the Enormity of this Woman's Conduct, by placing it in Opposition to that of the Countess of *Hertford*; no one can fail to observe how much more amiable it is to relieve, than to oppress, and to rescue Innocence from Destruction, than to destroy without an Injury.

Mr *Savage*, during his Imprisonment, his Trial, and the Time in which he lay under Sentence of Death, behaved with great Firmness and Equality of Mind, and confirmed by  
his

his Fortitude the Esteem of those, who before admired him for his Abilities. The peculiar Circumstances of his Life were made more generally known by a short Account\*, which was then published, and of which several thousands were in a few Weeks dispersed over the Nation; and the Compassion of Mankind operated so powerfully in his Favour, that he was enabled, by frequent Presents, not only to support himself, but to assist Mr *Gregory* in Prison; and when he was pardoned and released, he found the Number of his Friends not lessened.

The Nature of the Act for which he had been tried was in itself doubtful; of the Evidences which appeared against him, the Character of the Man was not unexceptionable, that of the Women notoriously infamous; the whose Testimony chiefly influenced the Jury to condemn him, afterwards retracted her Assertions. He always himself denied that he was drunk, as had been generally reported. Mr *Gregory*, who is now Collector of *Antigua*, is said to declare him far less criminal than he was imagined even by some who favoured him: And *Page* himself afterwards confessed, that he had treated him with uncommon Rigour. When all these Particulars are rated together, perhaps the Memory of *Savage* may not be much sullied by his Trial.

Some

\* Written by Mr *Beckingham* and another Gentleman.

Some Time after he had obtained his Liberty, he met in the Street the Woman that had sworn with so much Malignity against him. She informed him, that she was in Distress, and, with a Degree of Confidence not easily attainable, desired him to relieve her. He, instead of insulting her Misery, and taking Pleasure in the Calamities of one who had brought his Life into Danger, reproved her gently for her Perjury, and changing the only Guinea that he had, divided it equally between her and himself.

This is an Action which in some Ages would have made a Saint, and perhaps in others a Hero, and which, without any hyperbolical Encomiums, must be allowed to be an Instance of uncommon Generosity, an Act of complicated Virtue; by which he at once relieved the Poor, corrected the Vicious, and forgave an Enemy; by which he at once remitted the strongest Provocations, and exercised the most ardent Charity.

Compassion was indeed the distinguishing Quality of *Savage*; he never appeared inclined to take Advantage of Weakness, to attack the defenceless, or to press upon the falling; whoever was distressed was certain at least of his Good-Wishes; and when he could give no Assistance, to extricate them from Misfortunes, he endeavoured to sooth them by Sympathy and Tendernefs.

But



But when his Heart was not softened by the Sight of Misery, he was sometimes obstinate in his Resentment, and did not quickly lose the Remembrance of an Injury. He always continued to speak with Anger of the Infelice and Partiality of *Page*, and a short Time before his Death revenged it by a Satire\*.

It

\* The Satire from which the following Lines are extracted was called by Mr *Savage*, *An Epistle on Authors*: It was never printed intire, but several Fragments were inserted by him in the *Magazine*, after his Retirement into the Country.

Were all like *YORKE* of delicate Addrefs,  
Strength to discern, and Sweetness to exprefs;  
Learn'd, just, polite, born ev'ry Heart to gain;  
Like *Cummins* mild, like a *Fortescue* humane;  
All eloquent of Truth, divinely known;  
So deep, so clear, all Science is his own.

How far unlike such Worthies, once a Drudge,  
From flound'ring in low Causes, rose a JUDGE.  
Form'd to make Pleaders laugh, his *Nonsense* thunders,  
And, on low Juries, breathes contagious Blunders.  
His Brothers blush, because no Blush he knows,  
Nor e'er <sup>b</sup> one uncorrupted Finger shows.  
See, drunk with Power, the *Circuit Lord* exprest!  
Full, in his Eye, his Betters stand confest;  
Whose Wealth, Birth, Virtue, from a Tongue so loose,  
'Scape not provincial, vile, buffoon Abuse.  
Still to what Circuit is assign'd his Name,  
There, swift before him, flies the Warner Fame.

H

Contest

<sup>a</sup> The Hon. *William Fortescue*, Esq; now Master of the Rolls.

<sup>b</sup> When *Page* one uncorrupted Finger shows.

D. of *Wharton*.

It is natural to enquire in what Terms Mr *Savage* spoke of this fatal Action, when the Danger was over, and he was under no Necessity of using any Art to set his Conduct in the fairest Light. He was not willing to dwell upon it, and if he transiently mentioned it, appeared neither to consider himself as a Murderer, nor as a Man wholly free from the Guilt of Blood\*. How much and how long he regretted it, appeared in a † Poem which he

Contest stops short, Consent yields every Cause  
To Cost, Delay, endures them and withdraws.  
But how 'scape *Pris'ners*? To their Trial chain'd,  
All, all shall stand condemn'd, who stand arraign'd.  
Dire *Guilt*, which else would Detestation cause,  
Pre-judg'd with Insult, wond'rous Pity draws.  
But 'scapes ev'n *Innocence* his harsh Harangue?  
Alas — ev'n *Innocence* itself must hang;  
Must hang to please him, when of Spleen possesst:  
Must hang to bring forth an abortive Jest.

Why liv'd he not ere *Star-Chambers* had fail'd,  
When Fine, Tax, Censure, all, but Law, prevail'd;  
Or Law, subservient to some murd'rous Will,  
Became a Precedent to Murder still?  
Yet ev'n when Patriots did for Traytors bleed,  
Was e'er the Jobb to such a Slave decreed;  
Whose savage Mind wants sophist Art to draw,  
O'er murder'd Virtue, specious Veils of Law?

*Gentleman's Magazine, Sept. 1741.*

\* In one of his Letters he styles it, a fatal Quarrel, but too well known.

† Is Chance a Guilt, that my disast'rous Heart,  
For Mischief never meant, must ever smart?

Can

he published many Years afterwards. On Occasion of a Copy of Verses in which the Failings of good Men were recounted, and in which the Author had endeavoured to illustrate his Position, that *the best may sometimes deviate from Virtue*, by an Instance of Murder committed by *Savage* in the Heat of Wine, *Savage* remarked, that it was no very just Representation of a good Man, to suppose him liable to Drunkenness, and disposed in his Riots to cut Throats.

He was now indeed at Liberty, but was, as before, without any other Support than accidental Favours and uncertain Patronage afforded him; Sources by which he was sometimes

## H 2

Can Self-Defence be Sin?—Ah! plead no more;  
What though no purpos'd Malice stain'd thee o'er;  
Had Heav'n befriended thy unhappy Side,  
Thou hadst not been provok'd, or then hadst dy'd.

Far be the Guilt of Home-shed Blood from all  
On whom, unfought, embroiling Dangers fall.  
Still the pale *Dead* revives and lives to me,  
To me, through Pity's Eye, condemn'd to see.  
Remembrance veils his Rage, but swells his Fate,  
Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.  
Young and unthoughtful then, who knows one Day,  
What rip'ning Virtues might have made their Way?  
He might one Day his Country's Friend have prov'd,  
Been gen'rous, happy, candid and belov'd;  
He might have sav'd some Worth now doom'd to fall,  
And I perchance in him have murder'd all. *Bastard.*



times very liberally supplied, and which at other Times were suddenly stopped; so that he spent his Life between Want and Plenty, or, what was yet worse, between Beggary and Extravagance; for as whatever he received was the Gift of Chance, which might as well favour him at one Time as another, he was tempted to squander what he had, because he always hoped to be immediately supplied.

Another Cause of his Profusion was the absurd Kindness of his Friends, who at once rewarded and enjoyed his Abilities, by treating him at Taverns, and habituated him to Pleasures which he could not afford to enjoy, and which he was not able to deny himself, though he purchased the Luxury of a single Night by the Anguish of Cold and Hunger for a Week.

The Experience of these Inconveniences determined him to endeavour after some settled Income, which, having long found Submission and Intreaties fruitless, he attempted to extort from his Mother by rougher Methods. He had now, as he acknowledged, lost that Tenderness for her, which the whole Series of her Cruelty had not been able wholly to repress, till he found, by the Efforts which she made for his Destruction, that she was not content with refusing to assist him, and being neutral in his Struggles with Poverty, but was as ready to snatch

snatch every Opportunity of adding to his Misfortunes, and that she was to be considered as an Enemy implacably malicious, whom nothing but his Blood could satisfy. He therefore threatned to harass her with Lampoons, and to publish a copious Narrative of her Conduct, unless she consented to purchase an Exemption from Infamy, by allowing him a Pension.

This Expedient proved successful. Whether Shame still survived, though Virtue was extinct, or whether her Relations had more delicacy than herself, and imagined that some of the Darts which Satire might point at her would glance upon them: Lord *Tyrconnel*, whatever were his Motives, upon his Promise to lay aside his Design of exposing the Cruelty of his Mother, received him into his Family, treated him as his Equal, and engaged to allow him a Pension of two hundred Pounds a Year.

This was the Golden Part of Mr *Savage's* Life; and for some Time he had no Reason to complain of Fortune; his Appearance was splendid, his Expences large, and his Acquaintance extensive. He was courted by all who endeavoured to be thought Men of Genius, and caressed by all who valued themselves upon a refined Taste. To admire Mr *Savage* was a Proof of Discernment, and to be acquainted with him was a Title to poetical Reputation.

Reputation. His Presence was sufficient to make any Place of publick Entertainment popular; and his Approbation and Example constituted the Fashion. So powerful is Genius, when it is invested with the Glitter of Affluence; Men willingly pay to Fortune that Regard which they owe to Merit, and are pleased when they have an Opportunity at once of gratifying their Vanity, and practising their Duty.

This Interval of Prosperity furnished him with Opportunities of enlarging his Knowledge of human Nature, by contemplating Life from its highest Gradations to its lowest; and had he afterwards applied to Dramatic Poetry, he would perhaps not have had many Superiors; for as he never suffered any Scene to pass before his Eyes without Notice, he had treasured in his Mind all the different Combinations of Passions, and the innumerable Mixtures of Vice and Virtue, which distinguish one Character from another; and as his Conception was strong, his Expressions were clear, he easily received Impressions from Objects, and very forcibly transmitted them to others.

Of his exact Observations on human Life he has left a Proof, which would do Honour to the greatest Names, in a small Pamphlet, called, *The Author to be let*, where he introduces



duces *Iscariot Hackney*, a prostitute Scribler, giving an Account of his Birth, his Education, his Disposition and Morals, Habits of Life, and Maxims of Conduct. In the Introduction are related many secret Histories of the petty Writers of that Time, but sometimes mixed with ungenerous Reflections on their Birth, their Circumstances, or those of their Relations; nor can it be denied, that some Passages are such as *Iscariot Hackney* might himself have produced.

He was accused likewise of living in an Appearance of Friendship with some whom he satirised, and of making use of the Confidence which he gained by a seeming Kindness to discover Failings and expose them; it must be confessed, that Mr *Savage's* Esteem was no very certain Possession, and that he would lampoon at one Time those whom he had praised at another.

It may be alledged, that the same Man may change his Principles, and that he who was once deservedly commended, may be afterwards satirised with equal Justice; or that the Poet was dazzled with the Appearance of Virtue, and found the Man whom he had celebrated, when he had an Opportunity of examining him more nearly, unworthy of the Panegyric which he had too hastily bestowed; and that as a false Satire ought to be recanted,  
for

for the sake of him whose Reputation may be injured, false Praise ought likewise to be obviated, lest the Distinction between Vice and Virtue should be lost, lest a bad Man should be trusted upon the Credit of his Encomiast, or lest others should endeavour to obtain the like Praises by the same Means.

But though these Excuses may be often plausible, and sometimes just, they are very seldom satisfactory to Mankind; and the Writer, who is not constant to his Subject, quickly sinks into Contempt, his Satire loses its Force, and his Panegyric its Value, and he is only considered at one Time as a Flatterer, and as a Calumniator at another.

To avoid these Imputations, it is only necessary to follow the Rules of Virtue, and to preserve an unvaried Regard to Truth. For though it is undoubtedly possible, that a Man, however cautious, may be sometimes deceived by an artful Appearance of Virtue, or by false Evidences of Guilt, such Errors will not be frequent; and it will be allowed, that the Name of an Author would never have been made contemptible, had no Man ever said what he did not think, or misled others, but when he was himself deceived.

If the *Author to be let* was first published in a single Pamphlet, and afterwards inserted in a Collection of Pieces relating to the *Dunciad*,

*ciad*, which were addressed by Mr *Savage* to the Earl of *Middlesex*, in a \* Dedication, which he was prevailed upon to sign, though he did not write it, and in which there are some

\* *To the Right Hon. the Earl of Middlesex.*

My LORD,

That elegant Taste in Poetry, which is hereditary to your Lordship, together with that particular Regard, with which you honour the Author to whom these Papers relate, make me imagine this Collection will not be unpleasing to you. And I may presume to say, the Pieces themselves are such as are not unworthy your Lordship's Patronage, my own Part in it excepted. I speak only of the *Author to be let*, having no Title to any other, not even the small ones out of the Journals. May I be permitted to declare (to the End I may seem not quite so unworthy of your Lordship's Favour, as some Writers of my *Age* and *Circumstances*) that I never was concerned in any Journals. I ever thought the exorbitant Liberty, which most of those Papers take with their Superiors, unjustifiable in any Rank of Men; but detestable in such who do it merely for Hire, and without even the bad Excuse of *Passion* and *Resentment*. On the contrary, being once inclined, upon some advantageous Proposals, to enter into a † Paper of another Kind, I immediately desisted, on finding admitted into it (though as the Publisher told me purely by an Accident) two or three Lines reflecting on a *great Minister*. Were my Life ever so unhappy, it shall not be stain'd with a Conduct, which my Birth at least (though neither my *Education* nor *good Fortune*) should set me  
I above,

† The Paper here meant, was probably the *Grubstreet-Journal*, which Mr *Savage* was once invited to undertake, but which he declined, whether for the Reason here mentioned is not certain.



some Positions, that the true Author would perhaps

above, much less with any Ingratitude to that noble Person, to whose Intercession (next to his Majesty's Goodness) I owe in a great Measure that *Life itself*.

—*Nec si miserum Fortuna Sinonem*

*Finxit, vanum etiam mendacemque improba finget.*

I believe your Lordship will pardon this Digression, or any other which keeps me from the Style, you so much hate, of Dedication.

I will not pretend to display those rising Virtues in your Lordship, which the next Age will certainly know without my Help, but rather relate (what else it will as certainly be ignorant of) the History of these Papers, and the Occasion which produced the *War of the Dunces*, (for so it has been commonly called) which begun in the Year 1727, and ended in 1730.

When Dr *Swift* and Mr *Pope* thought it proper, for Reasons specified in the Preface to their *Miscellanies*, to publish such little Pieces of theirs as had casually got abroad, there was added to them the Treatise of the *Bathos*, or the *Art of Sinking in Poetry*. It happened that in one Chapter of this Piece, the several Species of bad Poets were ranged in Classes, to which were prefixed almost all the Letters of the Alphabet (the greatest Part of them at Random) but such was the Number of Poets eminent in *that Art*, that some one or other took every Letter to himself: All fell into so violent a Fury, that for half a Year, or more, the common *News-Papers* (in most of which they had some Property, as being *hired Writers*) were filled with the most abusive Falshoods and Scurrilities they could possibly devise. A Liberty no way to be wonder'd at in those People, and in those Papers, that, for many Years during the uncontrolled Liberty of the Press, had aspersed almost all the great

perhaps not have published under his own Name ;

great *Characters* of the Age; and this with Impunity, their own *Persons* and *Names* being utterly secret and obscure.

This gave Mr *Pope* the Thought, that he had now some Opportunity of doing Good, by detecting and dragging into Light these common Enemies of Mankind ; since to invalidate this universal Slander, it sufficed to shew what contemptible Men were the Authors of it. He was not without Hopes, that by manifesting the Dulness of those who had only Malice to recommend them, either the Book-sellers would not find their Account in employing them, or the Men themselves, when discovered, want Courage to proceed in so unlawful an Occupation. This it was that gave Birth to the *Dunciad*, and he thought it an Happiness, that by the late Flood of Slander on himself, he had acquired such a peculiar Right over their *Names* as was necessary to this Design.

On the 12th of *March* 1729, at St *James's*, that Poem was presented to the KING and QUEEN (who had before been pleased to read it) by the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole* : And some Days after the whole Impression was taken and dispersed by several Noblemen and Persons of the first Distinction.

It is certainly a true Observation, that no People are so impatient of Censure as those who are the greatest Slanders : Which was wonderfully exemplified on this Occasion. On the Day the Book was first vended, a Crowd of Authors besieged the Shop ; Entreaties, Advices, Threats of Law, and Battery, nay Cries of Treason were all employed to hinder the coming out of the *Dunciad* : On the other side the Book-sellers and Hawkers made as great Efforts to procure it : What could a few poor Authors do against so great a Majority as the Publick ? There was no stopping a Torrent with a Finger, so out it came.

Name; and on which Mr *Savage* afterwards reflected with no great Satisfaction.

The Enumeration of the bad Effects of the *uncontrolled Freedom of the Press*, and the Assertion that the *Liberties taken by the Writers of Journals with their Superiors were exorbitant and unjustifiable*, very ill became Men, who

Many ludicrous Circumstances attended it: The Dunces (for by this Name they were called) held weekly Clubs, to consult of Hostilities against the Author; one wrote a Letter to a great Minister, assuring him Mr *Pope* was the greatest Enemy the Government had; and another brought his Image in Clay, to execute him in Effigy; with which sad Sort of Satisfactions the Gentlemen were a little comforted.

Some false Editions of the Book having an Owl in their Frontispiece, the true one, to distinguish it, fixed in its stead an Ass laden with Authors. Then another surreptitious one being printed with the same Ass, the new Edition in Octavo returned for Distinction to the Owl again. Hence arose a great Contest of Booksellers against Booksellers, and Advertisements against Advertisements; some recommending the *Edition of the Owl*, and others the *Edition of the Ass*; by which Names they came to be distinguished, to the great Honour of the Gentlemen of the *Dunciad*.

Your Lordship will not think these Particulars altogether unentertaining; nor are they impertinent, since they clear some Passages in the following Collection. The whole cannot but be of some Use, to shew the *different Spirit* with which good and bad Authors have ever acted, as well as written; and to evince a Truth, a greater than which was never advanced, that—

“ *Each bad Author is as bad a Friend.* ”

How



who have themselves not always shewn the exactest Regard to the Laws of Subordination in their Writings, and who have often satirised those that at least thought themselves their Superiors, as they were eminent for their hereditary Rank, and employed in the highest Offices of the Kingdom. But this is only an Instance of that Partiality which almost every Man indulges with Regard to himself; the Liberty of the Press is a Blessing when we are inclined to write against others, and a Calamity when we find ourselves overborn by the Multitude of our Assailants; as the Power of the Crown is always thought too great by those who suffer by its Influence, and too little by those in whose Favour it is exerted; and a Standing Army is generally accounted necessary by those who command, and dangerous and oppressive by those who support it.

Mr

However, the Imperfection of this Collection cannot but be owned, as long as it wants that Poem with which you, my Lord, have honoured the Author of the *Dunciad*; but which I durst not presume to add in your Absence. As it is, may it please your Lordship to accept of it, as a distant Testimony, with what Respect and Zeal I am,

My LORD,

your most obedient  
and devoted Servant,

R. SAVAGE.

Mr *Savage* was likewise very far from believing, that the Letters annexed to each Species of bad Poets in the *Bathos*, were, as he was directed to assert, *set down at Random*; for when he was charged by one of his Friends with putting his Name to such an Improbability, he had no other Answer to make, than that *he did not think of it*, and his Friend had too much Tendernefs to reply, that next to the Crime of writing contrary to what he thought, was that of writing without thinking.

After having remarked what is false in this Dedication, it is proper that I observe the Impartiality which I recommend, by declaring, what *Savage* asserted, that the Account of the Circumstances which attended the Publication of the *Dunciad*, however strange and improbable, was exactly true.

The Publication of this Piece at this Time raised Mr *Savage* a great Number of Enemies among those that were attacked by Mr *Pope*, with whom he was considered as a Kind of Confederate, and whom he was suspected of supplying with private Intelligence and secret Incidents: so that the Ignominy of an Informer was added to the Terror of a Satirist.

That he was not altogether free from literary Hypocrisy, and that he sometimes spoke one thing,

thing, and wrote another, cannot be denied, because he himself confessed, that when he lived in great Familiarity with *Dennis*, he wrote an Epigram \* against him.

*Mr Savage* however set all the Malice of all the pigmy Writers at Defiance, and thought the Friendship of *Mr Pope* cheaply purchased by being exposed to their Censure and their Hatred; nor had he any Reason to repent of the Preference, for he found *Mr Pope* a steady and unalienable Friend almost to the End of his Life.

About this Time, notwithstanding his avowed Neutrality with regard to Party, he published a Panegyric on *Sir Robert Walpole*, for which he was rewarded by him with twenty Guineas; a Sum not very large, if either the Excellence of the Performance, or the Wealth of the Patron be considered; but greater than he afterwards obtained from a Person of yet higher Rank, and more desirous in Appearance of being distinguished as a Patron of Literature.

As

\* *This Epigram was, I believe, never published.*  
Should *Dennis* publish you had stabb'd your Brother,  
Lampoon'd your Monarch, or debauch'd your Mother;  
Say what Revenge on *Dennis* can be had,  
Too dull for Laughter, for Reply too mad?  
On one so poor you cannot take the Law,  
On one so old your Sword you scorn to draw:  
Uncag'd, then let the harmless Monster rage,  
Secure in Dulness, Madness, Want, and Age.



As he was very far from approving the Conduct of Sir *Robert Walpole*, and in Conversation mentioned him sometimes with Acrimony, and generally with Contempt, as he was one of those who were always zealous in their Assertions of the Justice of the late Opposition, jealous of the Rights of the People, and alarmed by the long continued Triumph of the Court; it was natural to ask him what could induce him to employ his Poetry in Praise of that Man, who was, in his Opinion, an Enemy to Liberty, and an Oppressor of his Country? He alleged, that he was then dependent upon the Lord *Tyrconnel*, who was an implicit Follower of the Ministry, and that being enjoined by him, not without Menaces, to write in Praise of his Leader, he had not Resolution sufficient to sacrifice the Pleasure of Affluence to that of Integrity.

On this and on many other Occasions he was ready to lament the Misery of living at the Tables of other Men, which was his Fate from the Beginning to the End of his Life; for I know not whether he ever had, for three Months together, a settled Habitation, in which he could claim a Right of Residence.

To this unhappy State it is just to impute much of the Inconstancy of his Conduct; for though

though a Readiness to comply with the Inclination of others was no Part of his natural Character, yet he was sometimes obliged to relax his Obstinacy, and submit his own Judgment and even his Virtue to the Government of those by whom he was supported : So that if his Miseries were sometimes the Consequence of his Faults, he ought not yet to be wholly excluded from Compassion, because his Faults were very often the Effects of his Misfortunes.

In this gay Period \* of his Life, while he was supported by Affluence and Pleasure, he published *the Wanderer*, a moral Poem, of which the Design is comprised in these Lines :

I fly all public Care, all venal Strife,  
To try the *still* compar'd with *active Life* ;  
To prove by these, the Sons of Men may owe  
The Fruits of Bliss to bursting Clouds of Woe ;  
That even Calamity, by Thought refin'd,  
Inspirits and adorns the thinking Mind.

And more distinctly in the following Passage;

By Woe the Soul to daring Action swells,  
By Woe in plaintless Patience it excels ;  
From Patience prudent, clear Experience springs,  
And traces Knowledge through the Course of  
Things.

K

Thence

Thence Hope is form'd, thence Fortitude, Success,  
Renown—whate'er Men covet and care.

This Performance was always considered by himself as his Master-piece, and Mr *Pope* when he asked his Opinion of it, told him, that he read it once over, and was not displeased with it, that it gave him more Pleasure at the second Perusal, and delighted him still more at the third.

It has been generally objected to *the Wanderer*, that the Disposition of the Parts is irregular, that the Design is obscure, and the Plan perplexed; that the Images, however beautiful, succeed each other without Order; and that the whole Performance is not so much a regular Fabric, as a Heap of shining Materials, thrown together by Accident, which strikes rather with the solemn Magnificence of a stupendous Ruin, than the elegant Grandeur of a finished Pile.

This Criticism is universal, and therefore it is reasonable to believe it at least in a great Degree just; but Mr *Savage* was always of a contrary Opinion; he thought his Drift could only be missed by Negligence or Stupidity, and that the whole Plan was regular, and the Parts distinct.

It was never denied to abound with strong Representations of Nature, and just Observations



tions upon Life, and it may easily be observed, that most of his Pictures have an evident Tendency to illustrate his first great Position, *that Good is the Consequence of Evil*. The Sun that burns up the Mountains, fructifies the Vales; the Deluge that rushes down the broken Rocks with dreadful Impetuosity, is separated into purling Brooks; and the Rage of the Hurricane purifies the Air.

Even in this Poem he has not been able to forbear one Touch upon the Cruelty of his Mother\*, which, though remarkably delicate and tender, is a Proof how deep an Impression it had made upon his Mind.

This must be at least acknowledged, which ought to be thought equivalent to many other Excellencies, that this Poem can promote no other Purposes than those of Virtue, and that it is written with a very strong Sense of the Efficacy of Religion.

K 2

But

\* False Pride! what Vices on our Conduct steal,  
From the World's Eye one Frailty to conceal!  
Ye cruel Mothers—soft! these Words command—  
So near should *Cruelty* and *Mother* stand?  
Can the fond Goat, or tender fleecy Dam  
Howl like the Wolf to tear the Kid or Lamb?  
Yes, there are Mothers—there I fear'd his Aim,  
And conscious trembled at the coming Name:  
Then with a Sigh his issuing Words oppos'd,  
Straight with a falling Tear his Speech he clos'd;  
That Tenderness which Ties of Blood deny,  
Nature repaid me from a Stranger's Eye.  
Pale grow my Checks—

But my Province is rather to give the History of Mr *Savage's* Performances, than to display their Beauties, or to obviate the Criticisms, which they have occasioned, and therefore I shall not dwell upon the particular Passages which deserve Applause: I shall neither show the Excellence of his Descriptions\*, nor

\* *Of his Descriptions this Specimen may be offered.*

Now, from yon Range of Rocks, strong Rays rebound,  
Doubling the Day on flow'ry Plains around :  
*Kincups* beneath far-striking Colours glance,  
Bright as th' etherial glows the green Expanse.  
Gems of the Field!—The Topaz charms the Sight,  
Like these, effulging yellow Streams of Light.

From the same Rocks fall Rills with soften'd Force,  
Meet in yon Mead, and swell a River's Source.  
Through her clear Channel shine her finny Shoals,  
O'er Sands like Gold the liquid Crystal rolls,  
Dim'd in yon coarser Moor her Charms decay,  
And shape through rustling Reeds a ruffled Way.  
Near Willows short and bushy Shadows throw :  
Now lost she seems through nether Tracts to flow ;  
Yet at yon Point winds out in Silver State,  
Like Virtue from a Labyrinth of Fate.  
In length'ning Rows prone from the Mountains run  
The Flocks :—their Fleeces glitt'ning in the Sun ;  
Her Streams they seek, and, 'twixt her neighb'ring Trees,  
Recline in various Attitudes of Ease :  
Where the Herds sip, the little scaly Fry,  
Swift from the Shore, in scatt'ring Myriads fly.

Each liv'ried Cloud, that round th' Horizon glows,  
Shifts in odd Scenes, like Earth from whence it rose.  
The Bee hums wanton in yon Jefs'mine Bower,  
And circling fettle, and despoils the Flower.

Melodious

nor expatiate on the terrific Portrait of *Saicide*\*,

nor

Melodious there the plummy Songsters meet,  
And call charm'd Echo from her arch'd Retreat.  
Neat, polish'd Mansions rise in Prospects gay;  
Time-batter'd Tow'rs frown awful in Decay:  
The Sun plays glitt'ring on the Rocks and Spires,  
And the Lawn lightens with reflected Fires.

\* *Who in the second Canto is thus introduced.*

Now Grief and Rage, by gath'ring Sighs suppress'd,  
Swell my full Heart, and heave my lab'ring Breast!  
With struggling Starts each vital String they strain,  
And strike the tott'ring Fabric of my Brain!  
O'er my sunk Spirits frowns a vap'ry Scene,  
Woe's dark Retreat! the madding Maze of Spleen!  
A deep, damp Gloom o'erspreads the murky Cell;  
Here pining Thoughts, and secret Terrors dwell!  
Here learn the Great unreal Wants to feign!  
Unpleasing Truths here mortify the Vain!  
Here Learning, blinded first, and then beguil'd,  
Looks dark as Ignorance, as Frenzy wild!  
Here first Credulity on Reason won!  
And here false Zeal mysterious Rants begun!  
Here Love impearls each Moment with a Tear,  
And Superstition owes to Spleen her Fear!  
—Here the lone Hour, a Blank of Life, displays,  
Till now bad Thoughts a Fiend more active raise;  
A Fiend in evil Moments ever nigh!  
Death in her Hand, and Frenzy in her Eye!  
Her Eye all red, and sunk! A Robe she wore,  
With Life's Calamities embroider'd o'er.  
A Mirror in one Hand collective shows,  
Varied, and multiplied, that Group of Woes.  
This endless Foe to gen'rous Toil and Pain  
Lolls on a Couch for Ease; but lolls in vain;  
She muses o'er her Woe-embroider'd Vest,  
And Self-abhorrence heightens in her Breast.

To



nor point out the artful Touches\*, by which  
he

To shun her Care, the Force of Sleep she tries,  
Still wakes her Mind, tho' Slumbers doze her Eyes:  
She dreams, starts, rises, stalks from Place to Place,  
With restless, thoughtful, interrupted Pace:  
Now eyes the Sun, and curses ev'ry Ray,  
Now the green Ground, where Colour fades away:  
Dim Spectres dance! Again her Eyes she rears;  
Then from the Blood-shot Ball wipes purpled Tears;  
She presses hard her Brow, with Mischief fraught,  
Her Brow half bursts with Agony of Thought!  
From me (she cries) pale Wretch thy Comfort claim,  
Born of Despair, and *Suicide* my Name!

\* *His three Rebels are thus described.*

Of these were three by different Motives fir'd,  
Ambition one, and one Revenge inspir'd.  
The third, O *Mammon*, was thy meaner Slave;  
Thou Idol, seldom of the Great and Brave.

*Florio*, whose Life was one continued Feast,  
His Wealth diminish'd, and his Debts encreas'd,  
Vain Pomp and Equipage his low Desires,  
Who ne'er to intellectual Bliss aspires;  
He, to repair by Vice what Vice has broke,  
Durst with bold Treasons Judgment's Rod provoke,  
His Strength of Mind, by Lux'ry half dissolv'd,  
Ill brooks the Woe where deep he stands involv'd.  
—His Genius flies; reflects he now on Prayer?  
Alas! bad Spirits turn those Thoughts to Air.  
What shall he next? What? strait relinquish Breath,  
To bar a public, just and shameful Death?  
Rash, horrid Thought! yet now afraid to live,  
Murd'rous he strikes; may Heav'n the Deed forgive!  
—Why had he thus false Spirit to rebel?  
And why not Fortitude to suffer well?  
—Where no kind Lips the hallow'd Dirge resound,  
Far from the Compass of yon sacred Ground;

Full

he has distinguished the intellectual Features  
of

Full in the Center of three meeting Ways,  
Stak'd through he lies—Warn'd let the Wicked gaze !

Near yonder Fane where Mis'ry sleeps in Peace,—  
Whose Spire fast-lessens, as these Shades encrease,  
Left to the North, whence oft brew'd Tempests roll,  
Tempests, dire Emblems, *Cosmo*, of thy Soul !  
There ! mark that *Cosmo* much for Guile renown'd !  
His Grave by unbid Plants of Poison crown'd.  
When out of Pow'r, through him the public Good,  
So strong his factious Tribe, suspended stood.

In Power, vindictive Actions were his Aim,  
And Patriots perish'd by th' ungenerous Flame.  
If the best Cause he in the Senate chose,  
Ev'n Right in him from some wrong Motive rose.  
The Bad he loath'd, and would the Weak despise !  
Yet courted for dark Ends, and shun'd the Wise.

When ill his Purpose, eloquent his Strain,  
His Malice had a Look and Voice humane :  
His Smile the Signal of some vile Intent,  
A private Ponyard, or empoison'd Scent ;  
Proud, yet to popular Applause a Slave ;  
No Friend he honour'd, and no Foe forgave.  
His Boons unfrequent, or unjust to Need,  
The Hire of Guilt, of Infamy the Meed ;  
But if they chanc'd on learned Worth to fall,  
Bounty in him was Ostentation all.

No true Benevolence his Thought sublimes,  
His noblest Actions are illustrious Crimes.

—*Cosmo*, as Death draws nigh, no more conceals  
That Storm of Passions, which his Nature feels ;  
He feels much Fear, more Anger, and most Pride ;  
But Pride and Anger make all Fear subside.  
Dauntless he meets at length untimely Fate ;  
A desp'rate Spirit ! rather fierce, than great.  
Darkling he glides along the dreary Coast,  
A sullen, wand'ring, self-tormenting Ghost.

Where

of the Rebels, who suffer Death in his last  
Canto.

—Where veiny Marble dignifies the Ground,  
With Emblem fair in Sculpture rising round,  
Just where a crossing, length'ning Isle we find,  
Full East; whence God returns to judge Mankind,  
Once lov'd *Horatio* sleeps, a Mind elate!  
Lamented Shade, Ambition was thy Fate!  
Ev'n Angels, wond'ring, oft his Worth survey'd;  
*Behold a Man like one of us!* they said.  
Straight heard the Furies, and with Envy glar'd,  
And to precipitate his Fall prepar'd:  
First *Avarice* came. In vain Self-love she press'd;  
The Poor he pitied still, and still redress'd:  
Learning was his, and Knowledge to commend,  
Of Arts a Patron, and of Want a Friend.  
Next came *Revenge*: But her Essay, how vain!  
Nor Hate nor Envy in his Heart remain:  
No previous Malice could his Mind engage,  
Malice the Mother of vindictive Rage.  
No—from his Life his Foes might learn to live;  
He held it still a Triumph to forgive.  
At length *Ambition* urg'd his Country's Weal,  
Assuming the fair Look of public Zeal;  
Still in his Breast so gen'rous glow'd the Flame,  
The Vice, when there, a Virtue half became.  
His pitying Eye saw Millions in Distress,  
He deem'd it God-like to have Pow'r to bless;  
Thus, when unguarded, Treason stain'd him o'er,  
And Virtue and Content were then no more.  
But when to Death by rig'rous Justice doom'd,  
His genuine Spirit Saint-like State resum'd.  
Oft from soft Penitence distill'd a Tear;  
Oft Hope in heav'nly Mercy lighten'd Fear;  
Oft would a Drop from struggling Nature fall,  
And then a Smile of Patience brighten all.

CANTO V.



Canto. It is, however, proper to observe, that *Savage* always declared the Characters wholly fictitious, and without the least Allusion to any real Persons or Actions.

From a Poem so diligently laboured, and so successfully finished, it might be reasonably expected that he should have gained considerable Advantage; nor can it without some Degree of Indignation and Concern be told that he sold the Copy for ten Guineas, of which he afterwards returned two, that the two last Sheets of the Work might be reprinted, of which he had in his Absence intrusted the Correction to a Friend, who was too indolent to perform it with Accuracy.

A superstitious Regard to the Correction of his Sheets was one of Mr *Savage's* Peculiarities; he often altered, revised, recurred to his first Reading or Punctuation, and again adopted the Alteration; he was dubious and irresolute without End, as on a Question of the last Importance, and at last was seldom satisfied; the Intrusion or Omission of a Comma was sufficient to discompose him, and he would lament an Error of a single Letter as a heavy Calamity. In one of his Letters relating to an Impression of some Verses, he remarks, that he had with regard to the Correction of the Proof *a Spell upon him*; and indeed the Anxiety, with which he dwelt upon the minutest and most trifling Niceties, de-

served no other Name than that of Fascination.

That he sold so valuable a Performance for so small a Price, was not to be imputed either to Necessity, by which the Learned and Ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard Conditions, or to Avarice, by which the Booksellers are frequently incited to oppress that Genius by which they are supported, but to that intemperate Desire of Pleasure, and habitual Slavery to his Passions, which involved him in many Perplexities; he happened at that Time to be engaged in the Pursuit of some trifling Gratification, and being without Money for the present Occasion, sold his Poem to the first Bidder, perhaps for the first Price that was proposed, and would probably have been content with less, if less had been offered him.

This Poem was addressed to the Lord *Tyrconnel* not only in the first Lines\*, but in a formal Dedication filled with the highest Strains of Panegyric, and the warmest Professions

\* Fain would my Verse, *Tyrconnel*, boast thy Name,  
Brownlow at once my Subject, and my Fame;  
O could that Spirit which thy Bosom warms,  
Whose Strength surprises, and whose Goodness charms.  
Thy various Worth—could that inspire my Lays,  
Envy should smile, and Censure learn to praise:  
Yet though unequal to a Soul like thine,  
A gen'rous Soul approaching to divine;  
While blest'd beneath such Patronage I write,  
Great my Attempt, though hazardous my Flight.

essions of Gratitude, but by no means remarkable for Delicacy of Connection, or Elegance of Stile.

These Praises in a short Time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by the Man on whom he had bestowed them, and whom he then immediately discovered not to have deserved them. Of this Quarrel, which every Day made more bitter, Lord *Tyrconnel* and Mr *Savage* assigned very different Reasons, which might perhaps all in Reality concur, though they were not all convenient to be alleged by either Party. Lord *Tyrconnel* affirmed, that it was the constant Practice of Mr *Savage*, to enter a Tavern with any Company that proposed it, drink the most expensive Wines, with great Profusion, and when the Reckoning was demanded, to be without Money: If, as it often happened, his Companions were willing to defray his Part, the Affair ended without any ill Consequences; but if they were refractory, and expected that the Wine should be paid for by him that drank it, his Method of Composition was, to take them with him to his own Apartment, assume the Government of the House, and order the Butler in an imperious Manner to set the best Wine in the Cellar before his Company, who often drank till they forgot the Respect due to the House in which they were entertained,



indulged themselves in the utmost Extravagance of Merriment, practised the most licentious Frolics, and committed all the Outrages of Drunkenness.

Nor was this the only Charge which Lord *Tyrconnel* brought against him : Having given him a Collection of valuable Books, stamped with his own Arms, he had the Mortification to see them in a short Time exposed to Sale upon the Stalls, it being usual with Mr *Savage*, when he wanted a small Sum, to take his Books to the Pawnbroker.

Whoever was acquainted with Mr *Savage*, easily credited both these Accusations ; for having been obliged from his first Entrance into the World to subsist upon Expedients, Affluence was not able to exalt him above them ; and so much was he delighted with Wine and Conversation, and so long had he been accustomed to live by Chance, that he would at any time go to the Tavern, without Scruple, and trust for his Reckoning to the Liberality of his Company, and frequently of Company to whom he was very little known. This Conduct indeed very seldom drew upon him those Inconveniences that might be feared by any other Person, for his Conversation was so entertaining, and his Address so pleasing, that few thought the Pleasure which they received from him dearly purchased by paying for

for his Wine. It was his peculiar Happiness, that he scarcely ever found a Stranger, whom he did not leave a Friend; but it must likewise be added, that he had not often a Friend long, without obliging him to become a Stranger.

Mr *Savage*, on the other Hand, declared, that Lord *Tyrconnel* \* quarrelled with him, because he would not subtract from his own Luxury and Extravagance what he had promised to allow him, and that his Resentment was only a Plea for the Violation of his Promise: He asserted that he had done nothing that ought to exclude him from that Subsistence which he thought not so much a Favour, as a Debt, since it was offered him upon Conditions, which he had never broken; and that his only Fault was, that he could not be supported with nothing.

He acknowledged, that Lord *Tyrconnel* often exhorted him to regulate his Method of Life, and not to spend all his Nights in Taverns, and that he appeared very desirous, that he would pass those Hours with him which he so freely bestowed upon others. This Demand Mr *Savage* considered as a Censure of his Conduct, which he could never patiently bear;  
and

\* His Expression in one of his Letters, was, that Lord *Tyrconnel* had involved his Estate, and therefore poorly sought an Occasion to quarrel with him.

and which even in the latter and cooler Part of his Life was so offensive to him, tha the declared it as his Resolution, *to spurn that Friend who should presume to dictate to him*; and it is not likely, that in his earlier Years he received Admonitions with more Calmness.

He was likewise inclined to resent such Expectations, as tending to infringe his Liberty, of which he was very jealous when it was necessary to the Gratification of his Passions, and declared, that the Request was still more unreasonable, as the Company to which he was to have been confined was insupportably disagreeable. This Assertion affords another Instance of that Inconsistency of his Writings with his Conversation, which was so often to be observed. He forgot how lavishly he had, in his \* Dedication to *the WANDERER*, extolled the Delicacy and Penetration

\* Part of this Poem had the Honour of your Lordship's Perusal when in Manuscript, and it was no small Pride to me when it met with Approbation.—My Intention is to embrace this Opportunity of throwing out Sentiments that relate to your Lordship's Goodness and Generosity, which give me leave to say I have lately experienced.

That *I live*, my Lord, is a Proof, that Dependance upon your Lordship and the present Ministry is an Assurance of Success. I am persuaded Distress in many other Instances affects your Soul with a Compassion that always shews itself in a Manner most humane and active, that to forgive Injuries, and confer Benefits, is your Delight, and that to deserve



netration, the Humanity and Generosity, the Candour and Politeness of the Man, whom, when he no longer loved him, he declared to be a Wretch without Understanding, without Good-Nature, and without Justice; of whose Name he thought himself obliged to leave no Trace in any future Edition of his Writings; and accordingly blotted it out of that Copy of *the Wanderer* which was in his Hands.

During his Continuance with the Lord Tyrconnel he wrote *The \* Triumph of Health and Mirth*, on the Recovery of Lady Tyrconnel

deserve your Friendship is to deserve the Countenance of the best of Men. To be admitted to the Honour of your Lordship's Conversation (permit me to speak but Justice) is to be elegantly introduced into the most instructive as well as entertaining Parts of Literature: It is to be furnished with the finest Observations upon human Nature, and to receive from the most unassuming, sweet, and winning Candour, the worthiest and most polite Maxims—such as are always enforced by the Actions of your own Life.—If my future Morals and Writings should gain any Approbation from Men of Parts and Probity, I must acknowledge all to be the Product of your Lordship's Goodness.—

*\* Of the Numbers and Sentiments the following Lines will afford a Specimen*

Where *Thames* with Pride beholds *Augusta's* Charms,  
And either *India* pours into her Arms,—  
High thron'd appears the laughter-loving Dame—  
Goddess of Mirth—

O'er the gay World the sweet Inspirer reigns,  
Spleen flies, and Elegance her Pomp sustains;  
Thee, Goddess, thee the Fair and Young obey,  
Wealth, Wit, and Music, all confess thy Sway.—

The

nel from a languishing Illness. This Performance is remarkable, not only for the Gayety of the Ideas, and the Melody of the Numbers, but for the agreeable Fiction upon which it is formed \*. *Mirth* overwhelmed with Sorrow, for the Sickneſs of her Favourite, takes a Flight in Queſt of her Siſter *Health*,

The Goddeſs ſummons each illuſtrious Name,  
Bids the gay Talk, and forms th' amuſive Game,  
She whoſe fair Throne is fix'd in human Souls,  
From Joy to Joy her Eye delighted rolls:  
But where, ſhe cry'd, is ſhe, my fav'rite ſhe,  
Of all my Race the deareſt far to me—  
Whoſe Life's the Source of each refin'd Delight?  
She ſaid, but no *Belinda* glads her Sight—  
In kind low Murmurs all the Loſs deplore,  
*Belinda* droops, and Pleaſure is no more.

The Goddeſs ſilent pauſ'd in muſeful Air,  
But *Mirth*, like Virtue, cannot long deſpair,—  
Strait waſted on the tepid Breeze ſhe flies,  
Where *Bath's* aſcending Turrets meet her Eyes,  
She flies, her elder Siſter *Health* to find,  
She finds her on a Mountain's Brow reclin'd,  
Around her Birds in earlieſt Conſort ſing,  
Her Cheek the Semblance of the kindling Spring.—  
Looſe to the Wind her verdant Veſtments flow,  
Her Limbs yet recent from the Springs below:  
Thereof ſhe bathes, then peaceful ſits ſecure,  
Where ev'ry Breath is fragrant, freſh and pure.—

Hail, Siſter, hail, the kindred Goddeſs cries,  
No common Suppliant ſtands before your Eyes—  
Strength, Vigour, Wit, depriv'd of thee decline,  
Each finer Senſe that forms Delight is thine—

Bright

\* See the whole Poem, *Gent. Mag.* Vol. VII. p. 243.

*Health*, whom she finds reclined upon the Brow of a lofty Mountain, amidst the Fragrance of perpetual Spring, with the Breezes of the Morning sporting about her. Being solicited by her Sister *Mirth*, she readily promises her Assistance, flies away in a Cloud, and impregnates the Waters of *Bath* with new Virtues, by which the Sickness of *Belinda* is relieved.

As the Reputation of his Abilities, the particular Circumstances of his Birth and Life, the Splendor of his Appearance, and the Distinction which was for some Time paid him by Lord *Tyrconnel*, intitled him to Familiarity with Persons of higher Rank, than those to whose Conversation he had been before admitted, he did not fail to gratify that Curiosity, which induced him to take a nearer View of those whom their Birth, their Employments, or their Fortunes, necessarily place at a Distance from the greatest Part of Mankind, and to examine, whether their Merit was magnified or diminished by the Medium through which it was contemplated ; whe-

M

ther

Bright Suns by thee diffuse a brighter Blaze,  
 And the fresh Green a fresher Green displays—  
 Such thy vast Pow'r—The Deity replies,  
 Mirth never asks a Boon which Health denies ;  
 Our mingled Gifts transcend imperial Wealth,  
 Health strengthens Mirth, and Mirth inspires Health.



ther the Splendor with which they dazzled their Admirers, was inherent in themselves, or only reflected on them by the Objects that surrounded them; and whether great Men were selected for high Stations, or high Stations made great Men.

For this Purpose, he took all Opportunities of conversing familiarly with those who were most conspicuous at that Time, for their Power, or their Influence; he watched their looser Moments, and examined their domestic Behaviour, with that Acuteness which Nature had given him, and which the uncommon Variety of his Life had contributed to increase, and that Inquisitiveness which must always be produced in a vigorous Mind by an absolute Freedom from all pressing or domestic Engagements. His Discernment was quick, and therefore he soon found in every Person, and in every Affair, something that deserved Attention; he was supported by others, without any Care for himself, and was therefore at Leisure to pursue his Observations.

More Circumstances to constitute a Critic on human Life could not easily concur, nor indeed could any Man who assumed from accidental Advantages more Praise than he could justly claim from his real Merit, admit an Acquaintance more dangerous than that of *Savage*; of whom likewise it must be confessed,

essed, that Abilities really exalted above the common Level, or Virtue refined from Passion, or Proof against Corruption could not easily find an abler Judge, or a warmer Advocate.

What was the Result of Mr *Savage's* Enquiry, though he was not much accustomed to conceal his Discoveries, it may not be entirely safe to relate, because the Persons whose Characters he criticised are powerful; and Power and Resentment are seldom Strangers; nor would it perhaps be wholly just, because what he asserted in Conversation might, though true in general, be heightened by some momentary Ardour of Imagination, and as it can be delivered only from Memory, may be imperfectly represented; so that the Picture at first aggravated, and then unskilfully copied, may be justly suspected to retain no great Resemblance of the Original.

It may, however, be observed, that he did not appear to have formed very elevated Ideas of those to whom the Administration of Affairs, or the Conduct of Parties, has been intrusted; who have been considered as the Advocates of the Crown, or the Guardians of the People, and who have obtained the most implicit Confidence, and the loudest Applauses. Of one particular Person, who has been at one Time so popular as to be generally esteemed, and at another so formidable as to

be universally detested, he observed, that his Acquisitions had been small, or that his Capacity was narrow, and that the whole Range of his Mind was from Obscenity to Politics, and from Politics to Obscenity.

But the Opportunity of indulging his Speculations on great Characters was now at an End. He was banished from the Table of Lord *Tyrconnel*, and turned again adrift upon the World, without Prospect of finding quickly any other Harbour. As Prudence was not one of the Virtues by which he was distinguished, he had made no Provision against a Misfortune like this. And though it is not to be imagined, but that the Separation must for some Time have been preceded by Coldness, Peevishness, or Neglect, though it was undoubtedly the Consequence of accumulated Provocations on both Sides, yet every one that knew *Savage* will readily believe, that to him it was sudden as a Stroke of Thunder; that though he might have transiently suspected it, he had never suffered any Thought so unpleasing to sink into his Mind, but that he had driven it away by Amusements, or Dreams of future Felicity and Affluence, and had never taken any Measures by which he might prevent a Precipitation from Plenty to Indigence.

This Quarrel and Separation, and the Difficulties to which Mr *Savage* was exposed by them,



them, were soon known both to his Friends and Enemies; nor was it long before he perceived, from the Behaviour of both, how much is added to the Lustre of Genius, by the Ornaments of Wealth.

His Condition did not appear to excite much Compassion; for he had not always been careful to use the Advantages which he enjoyed with that Moderation, which ought to have been with more than usual Caution preserved by him, who knew, if he had reflected, that he was only a Dependant on the Bounty of another, whom he could expect to support him no longer than he endeavoured to preserve his Favour, by complying with his Inclinations, and whom he nevertheless set at Defiance, and was continually irritating by Negligence or Encroachments.

Examples need not be sought at any great Distance to prove that Superiority of Fortune has a natural Tendency to kindle Pride, and that Pride seldom fails to exert itself in Contempt and Insult; and if this is often the Effect of hereditary Wealth, and of Honours enjoyed only by the Merit of others, it is some Extenuation of any indecent Triumphs to which this unhappy Man may have been betrayed, that his Prosperity was heightened by the Force of Novelty, and made more intoxicating by a Sense of the Misery in which he had so long

long languished, and perhaps of the Insults which he had formerly borne, and which he might now think himself entitled to revenge. It is too common for those who have unjustly suffered Pain, to inflict it likewise in their Turn, with the same Injustice, and to imagine that they have a Right to treat others as they have themselves been treated.

That Mr *Savage* was too much elevated by any good Fortune is generally known; and some Passages of his Introduction to the *Author to be let* sufficiently shew, that he did not wholly refrain from such Satire as he afterwards thought very unjust, when he was exposed to it himself; for when he was afterwards ridiculed in the Character of a distressed Poet, he very easily discovered, that Distress was not a proper Subject for Merriment, or Topic of Inveective. He was then able to discern that if Misery be the Effect of Virtue, it ought to be revered; if of Ill-Fortune, to be pitied; and if of Vice, not to be insulted, because it is perhaps itself a Punishment adequate to the Crime by which it was produced. And the Humanity of that Man can deserve no Panegyric, who is capable of reproaching a Criminal in the Hands of the Executioner.

But these Reflections, though they readily occurred to him in the first and last Parts of his

his Life, were, I am afraid, for a long Time forgotten; at least they were, like many other Maxims, treasured up in his Mind, rather for Show than Use, and operated very little upon his Conduct, however elegantly he might sometimes explain, or however forcibly he might inculcate them.

His Degradation therefore from the Condition which he had enjoyed with such wanton Thoughtlessness, was considered by many as an Occasion of Triumph. Those who had before paid their Court to him, without Success, soon returned the Contempt which they had suffered, and they who had received Favours from him, for of such Favours as he could bestow he was very liberal, did not always remember them. So much more certain are the Effects of Resentment than of Gratitude: It is not only to many more pleasing to recollect those Faults which place others below them, than those Virtues by which they are themselves comparatively depressed; but it is likewise more easy to neglect, than to recompense; and though there are few who will practise a laborious Virtue, there will never be wanting Multitudes that will indulge an easy Vice.

*Savage* however was very little disturbed at the Marks of Contempt which his Ill-Fortune brought upon him, from those whom he never esteemed,



esteemed, and with whom he never considered himself as levelled by any Calamities; and though it was not without some Uneasiness that he saw some, whose Friendship he valued, change their Behaviour; he yet observed their Coldness without much Emotion, considered them as the Slaves of Fortune, and the Worshipers of Prosperity; and was more inclined to despise them, than to lament himself.

It does not appear, that after this Return of his Wants, he found Mankind equally favourable to him, as at his first Appearance in the World. His Story, though in Reality not less melancholy, was less affecting, because it was no longer new; it therefore procured him no new Friends, and those that had formerly relieved him thought they might now consign him to others. He was now likewise considered by many rather as criminal, than as unhappy; for the Friends of Lord *Tyrconnel* and of his Mother were sufficiently industrious to publish his Weaknesses, which were indeed very numerous, and nothing was forgotten, that might make him either hateful or ridiculous.

It cannot but be imagined, that such Representations of his Faults must make great Numbers less sensible of his Distress; many who had only an Opportunity to hear one Part made no scruple to propagate the Account  
which

which they received ; many assisted their Circulation from Malice or Revenge, and perhaps many pretended to credit them, that they might with a better Grace withdraw their Regard, or withhold their Assistance.

*Savage* however was not one of those who suffer themselves to be injured without Resistance, nor was less diligent in exposing the Faults of Lord *Tyrconnel*, over whom he obtained at least this Advantage, that he drove him first to the Practice of Outrage and Violence ; for he was so much provoked by the Wit and Virulence of *Savage*, that he came with a Number of Attendants, that did no Honour to his Courage, to beat him at a Coffee-House. But it happened that he had left the Place a few Minutes, and his Lordship had without Danger the Pleasure of boasting how he would have treated him. Mr *Savage* went next Day to repay his Visit at his own House, but was prevailed on, by his Domestics, to retire without insisting upon seeing him.

Lord *Tyrconnel* was accused by Mr *Savage* of some Actions, which scarcely any Provocations will be thought sufficient to justify ; such as seizing what he had in his Lodgings, and other Instances of wanton Cruelty, by which he increased the Distress of *Savage* without any Advantage to himself.

These mutual Accusations were retorted on both Sides for many Years, with the utmost Degree of Virulence and Rage, and Time seemed rather to augment than diminish their Resentment; that the Anger of Mr *Savage* should be kept alive is not strange, because he felt every Day the Consequences of the Quarrel; but it might reasonably have been hoped, that Lord *Tyrconnel* might have relented, and at length have forgot those Provocations, which, however they might have once inflamed him, had not in Reality much hurt him.

The Spirit of Mr *Savage* indeed never suffered him to solicit a Reconciliation; he returned Reproach for Reproach, and Insult for Insult: his Superiority of Wit supplied the Disadvantages of his Fortune, and enabled him to form a Party, and prejudice great Numbers in his Favour.

But though this might be some Gratification of his Vanity, it afforded very little Relief to his Necessities, and he was very frequently reduced to uncommon Hardships, of which, however, he never made any mean or importunate Complaints, being formed rather to bear Misery with Fortitude, than enjoy Prosperity with Moderation.

He now thought himself again at Liberty to expose the Cruelty of his Mother, and therefore, I believe, about this Time, published

*The*



*The Bastard*, a Poem remarkable for the vivacious Sallies of Thought in the Beginning\*, where he makes a pompous Enumeration of the imaginary Advantages of base Birth, and the pathetic Sentiments at the End, where he recounts the real Calamities which he suffered by the Crime of his Parents.

The Vigour and Spirit of the Verses, the peculiar Circumstances of the Author, the Novelty of the Subject, and the Notoriety of the Story, to which the Allusions are made, procured

\* In gayer Hours, when high my Fancy ran,  
The Muse, exulting, thus her Lay began.

Blest be the Bastard's Birth ! thro' wondrous Ways,  
He shines eccentric like a Comet's Blaze.  
No sickly Fruit of faint Compliance he ;  
He ! stamp'd in Nature's Mint with Extasy !  
He lives to build, not boast, a gen'rous Race :  
No tenth Transmitter of a foolish Face.  
His daring Hope, no Sire's Example bounds ;  
His first-born Lights no Prejudice confounds.  
He, kindling, from within, requires no Flame,  
He glories in a Bastard's glowing Name.

—Loos'd to the World's wide Range—enjoin'd no Aim,  
Prescrib'd no Duty, and assign'd no Name :  
Nature's unbounded Son he stands alone,  
His Heart unbiass'd, and his Mind his own.

—O Mother, yet no Mother !—'tis to you,  
My Thanks for such distinguish'd Claims are due.

—What had I lost, if conjugally kind,  
By Nature hating, yet by Vows confin'd,

procured this Performance a very favourable Reception ; great Numbers were immediately dispersed, and Editions were multiplied with unusual Rapidity.

One Circumstance attended the Publication, which *Savage* used to relate with great Satisfaction. His Mother, to whom the Poem was *with due Reverence* inscribed, happened then to be at *Bath*, where she could not conveniently retire from Censure, or conceal herself from Observation ; and no sooner did the  
 Reputation

—You had *faint-drawn* me with a Form alone,  
 A lawful Lump of Life by Force your own !

—I had been born your dull domestick Heir ;  
 Load of your Life, and Motive of your Care ;  
 Perhaps been poorly Rich, and meanly Great ;  
 The Slave of Pomp, a Cypher in the State ;  
 Lordly neglectful of a Worth unknown,  
 And slumb'ring in a *Seat*, by *Chance* my own.

—Thus unprophectic, lately uninspir'd,  
 I sung ; gay, flatt'ring Hope my Fancy fir'd ;  
 Inly secure, thro' conscious Scorn of Ill ;  
 Nor taught by Wisdom how to balance Will.

—But now expos'd and shrinking from Distress,  
 I fly to Shelter while the Tempests press.

*After the Mention of the Death of Sinclair, he goes on thus :*

—Where shall my Hope find Rest ?—No Mother's Care  
 Shielded my infant Innocence with Pray'r :  
 No Father's guardian Hand my Youth maintain'd,  
 Call'd forth my Virtues, and from Vice restrain'd.

Reputation of the Poem begin to spread, than she heard it repeated in all Places of Concourse, nor could she enter the Assembly Rooms, or cross the Walks, without being saluted with some Lines from *The Bastard*.

This was perhaps the first Time that ever she discovered a Sense of Shame, and on this Occasion the Power of Wit was very conspicuous; the Wretch who had, without Scruple, proclaimed herself an Adulteress, and who had first endeavoured to starve her Son, then to transport him, and afterwards to hang him, was not able to bear the Representation of her own Conduct, but fled from Reproach, though she felt no Pain from Guilt, and left *Bath* with the utmost Haste, to shelter herself among the Crouds of *London*.

Thus *Savage* had the Satisfaction of finding, that though he could not reform his Mother, he could punish her, and that he did not always suffer alone.

The Pleasure which he received from this Increase of his poetical Reputation, was sufficient for some Time to over-balance the Miseries of Want, which this Performance did not much alleviate, for it was sold for a very trivial Sum to a Bookseller, who, though the Success was so uncommon, that five Impressions were sold, of which many were undoubtedly very numerous, had not Generosity sufficient



cient to admit the unhappy Writer to any Part of the Profit.

The Sale of this Poem was always mentioned by Mr *Savage* with the utmost Elevation of Heart; and referred to by him as an incontestable Proof of a general Acknowledgement of his Abilities. It was indeed the only Production of which he could justly boast a general Reception.

But though he did not lose the Opportunity which Success gave him of setting a high Rate on his Abilities, but paid due Deference to the Suffrages of Mankind when they were given in his Favour, he did not suffer his Esteem of himself to depend upon others, nor found any thing sacred in the Voice of the People when they were inclined to censure him; he then readily shewed the Folly of expecting that the Publick should judge right, observed how slowly poetical Merit had often forced its Way into the World, he contented himself with the Applause of Men of Judgment; and was somewhat disposed to exclude all those from the Character of Men of Judgment, who did not applaud him.

But he was at other Times more favourable to Mankind, than to think them blind to the Beauties of his Works, and imputed the Slowness of their Sale to other Causes; either they were published at a Time when the Town was empty,

empty, or when the Attention of the Public was engrossed by some Struggle in the Parliament, or some other Object of general Concern, or they were by the Neglect of the Publisher not diligently dispersed, or by his Avarice not advertised with sufficient Frequency. Address, or Industry, or Liberality, was always wanting; and the Blame was laid rather on any other Person than the Author.

By Arts like these, Arts which every Man practises in some Degree, and to which too much of the little Tranquillity of Life is to be ascribed, *Savage* was always able to live at Peace with himself. Had he indeed only made use of these Expedients to alleviate the Loss or Want of Fortune or Reputation, or any other Advantage, which it is not in Man's Power to bestow upon himself, they might have been justly mentioned as Instances of a philosophical Mind, and very properly proposed to the Imitation of Multitudes, who, for want of diverting their Imaginations with the same Dexterity, languish under Afflictions which might be easily removed,

It were doubtless to be wished, that Truth and Reason were universally prevalent; that every Thing were esteemed according to its real Value; and that Men would secure themselves from being disappointed in their Endeavours after Happiness, by placing it only in  
Virtue,

Virtue, which is always to be obtained ; but if adventitious and foreign Pleasures must be pursued, it would be perhaps of some Benefit, since that Pursuit must frequently be fruitless, if the Practice of *Savage* could be taught, that Folly might be an Antidote to Folly, and one Fallacy be obviated by another.

But the Danger of this pleasing Intoxication must not be concealed ; nor indeed can any one, after having observed the Life of *Savage*, need to be cautioned against it. By imputing none of his Miseries to himself, he continued to act upon the same Principles, and follow the same Path ; was never made wiser by his Sufferings, nor preserved by one Misfortune from falling into another. He proceeded throughout his Life to tread the same Steps on the same Circle ; always applauding his past Conduct, or at least forgetting it, to amuse himself with Phantoms of Happiness, which were dancing before him ; and willingly turned his Eyes from the Light of Reason, when it would have discovered the Illusion, and shewn him, what he never wished to see, his real State.

He is even accused, after having lulled his Imagination with those ideal Opiates, of having tried the same Experiment upon his Conscience ; and having accustomed himself to impute all Deviations from the right to foreign Causes,



Causes, it is certain that he was upon every Occasion too easily reconciled to himself, and that he appeared very little to regret those Practices which had impaired his Reputation. The reigning Error of his Life was, that he mistook the Love for the Practice of Virtue, and was indeed not so much a good Man as the Friend of Goodness.

This at least must be allowed him, that he always preserved a strong Sense of the Dignity, the Beauty, and the Necessity of Virtue, and that he never contributed deliberately to spread Corruption amongst Mankind; his Actions, which were generally precipitate, were often blameable, but his Writings, being the Productions of Study, uniformly tended to the Exaltation of the Mind, and the Propagation of Morality and Piety.

These Writings may improve Mankind, when his Failings shall be forgotten, and therefore he must be considered upon the whole as a Benefactor to the World; nor can his personal Example do any Hurt, since whoever hears of his Faults, will hear of the Miseries which they brought upon him, and which would deserve less Pity, had not his Condition been such as made his Faults pardonable. He may be considered as a Child *exposed* to all the Temptations of Indigence, at an Age when Resolution was not yet strengthen-

ed by Conviction, nor Virtue confirmed by Habit ; a Circumstance which in his *Bastard* he laments in a very affecting Manner.

—No Mother's Care

Shielded my Infant Innocence with Prayer :

No Father's guardian Hand my Youth maintain'd,

Call'd forth my Virtues, and from Vice restrain'd.

The *Bastard*, however it might provoke or mortify his Mother, could not be expected to melt her to Compassion, so that he was still under the same Want of the Necessaries of Life, and he therefore exerted all the Interest, which his Wit, or his Birth, or his Misfortunes could procure, to obtain upon the Death of *Eusden* the Place of Poet Laureat, and prosecuted his Application with so much Diligence, that the King publicly declared it his Intention to bestow it upon him ; but such was the Fate of *Savage*, that even the King, when he intended his Advantage, was disappointed in his Schemes ; for the Lord Chamberlain, who has the Disposal of the Laurel as one of the Appendages of his Office, either did not know the King's Design, or did not approve it, or thought the Nomination of the Laureat an Encroachment upon his Rights, and therefore bestowed the Laurel upon *Colly Cibber*.

Mr *Savage* thus disappointed took a Resolution

solution of applying to the Queen, that having once given him Life, she would enable him to support it, and therefore published a short Poem on her Birth-Day, to which he gave the odd Title of *Volunteer Laureat*. The Event of this Essay he has himself related in the following Letter, which he prefixed to the Poem, when he afterwards reprinted it in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, from whence I have copied it intire, as this was one of the few Attempts in which Mr *Savage* succeeded.

‘ Mr *Urban*,

‘ In your Magazine for *February* you  
 ‘ published the last *Volunteer Laureat*, writ-  
 ‘ ten on a very melancholy Occasion, the  
 ‘ Death of the Royal Patroness of Arts and  
 ‘ Literature in general, and of the Author  
 ‘ of that Poem in particular ; I now send  
 ‘ you the first that Mr *Savage* wrote under  
 ‘ that Title. — — — This Gentleman, notwith-  
 ‘ standing a very considerable Interest, being,  
 ‘ on the Death of Mr *Eusden*, disappointed  
 ‘ of the Laureat's Place, wrote the follow-  
 ‘ ing Verses ; which were no sooner pub-  
 ‘ lished, but the late Queen sent to a Book-  
 ‘ seller for them : The Author had not at  
 ‘ that Time a Friend either to get him in-  
 ‘ troduced, or his Poem presented at Court ;  
 ‘ yet such was the unspeakable Goodness of  
 O 2 ‘ that



‘ that Princess, that, notwithstanding this  
 ‘ Act of Ceremony was wanting, in a few  
 ‘ Days after Publication, Mr *Savage* re-  
 ‘ ceived a Bank-Bill of fifty Pounds, and  
 ‘ a gracious Message from her Majesty, by  
 ‘ the Lord *North* and *Guilford*, to this Effect :  
 “ That her Majesty was highly pleased with  
 “ the Verses ; that she took particularly kind  
 “ his Lines there relating to the King ; that  
 “ he had Permission to write annually on the  
 “ same Subject ; and that he should yearly  
 “ receive the like Present, till something bet-  
 “ ter (which was her Majesty’s Intention)  
 “ could be done for him.” ‘ After this he was  
 ‘ permitted to present one of his annual  
 ‘ Poems to her Majesty, had the Honour of  
 ‘ kissing her Hand, and met with the most  
 ‘ gracious Reception.

‘ Your’s, &c.’

### THE VOLUNTEER LAUREAT.

A Poem : On the *Queen’s Birth-Day*. Hum-  
 bly addressed to her MAJESTY.

Twice twenty tedious Moons have roll’d away,  
 Since Hope kind flatt’rer tun’d my pensive Lay,  
 Whisp’ring, that you, who rais’d me from Despair,  
 Meant, by your Smiles, to make Life worth my Care ;  
 With pitying Hand an Orphan’s Tears to screen,  
 And o’er the Motherless extend the Queen.

’Twill

'Twill be---the Prophet guides the Poet's Strain!  
 Grief never touch'd a Heart like your's in vain:  
 Heav'n gave you Power, because you love to bless,  
 And Pity, when you feel it, is Redress.

Two Fathers join'd to rob my Claim of one!  
 My Mother too thought fit to have no Son!  
 The Senate next, whose Aid the Helpless own,  
 Forgot my Infant Wrongs, and mine alone!  
 Yet Parents pitiless, nor Peers unkind,  
 Nor Titles lost, nor Woes mysterious join'd,  
 Strip me of Hope---by Heav'n thus lowly laid,  
 To find a *Pharaoh's* Daughter in the Shade.

You cannot hear unmov'd, when Wrongs im-  
 plore,  
 Your Heart is Woman, though your Mind be more;  
 Kind, like the Pow'r who gave you to our Pray'rs,  
 You would not lengthen Life to sharpen Cares:  
 They who a barren Leave to live bestow,  
 Snatch but from Death to sacrifice to Woe.  
 Hated by her, from whom my Life I drew,  
 Whence should I hope, if not from Heav'n and you;  
 Nor dare I groan beneath Affliction's Rod,  
 My Queen, my Mother; and my Father, God.

The pitying Muses saw me Wit pursue,  
 A *Bastard Son*, alas! on that Side too,  
 Did not your Eyes exalt the Poet's Fire,  
 And what the Muse denies, the Queen inspire;  
 While rising thus your heav'nly Soul to view,  
 I learn how Angels think, by copying you.

Great Princess! 'tis decreed---once ev'ry Year  
 I march uncall'd your Laureat Volunteer;

Thus

Thus shall your Poet his low Genius raise,  
 And charm the World with Truths too vast for Praise.  
 Nor need I dwell on Glories all your own,  
 Since surer Means to tempt your Smiles are known;  
 Your Poet shall allot your Lord his Part,  
 And paint him in his noblest Throne, your Heart.

Is there a Greatness that adorns him best,  
 A rising Wish that ripens in his Breast?  
 Has he fore-meant some distant Age to bless,  
 Disarm Oppression, or expel Distress?  
 Plans he some Scheme to reconcile Mankind,  
 People the Seas, and busy ev'ry Wind?  
 Would he, by Pity, the Deceiv'd reclaim,  
 And smile contending Factions into Shame?  
 Would his Example lend his Laws a Weight,  
 And breathe his own soft Morals o'er his State?  
 The Muse shall find it all, shall make it seen,  
 And teach the World his Praise, to charm his Queen.

Such be the annual Truths my Verse imparts,  
 Nor frown, fair *Fav'rite* of a People's Hearts!  
 Happy if plac'd, perchance, beneath your Eye,  
 My Muse unpension'd might her Pinions try,  
 Fearless to fail, while you indulge her Flame,  
 And bid me proudly boast your Laureat's Name;  
 Renobled thus by Wreaths my Queen bestows,  
 I lose all Memory of Wrongs and Woes.

Such was the Performance, and such its  
 Reception; a Reception which, though by  
 no means unkind, was yet not in the highest  
 Degree generous: To chain down the Genius  
 of a Writer to an annual Panegyric, shewed

in



in the Queen too much Desire of hearing her own Praises, and a greater Regard to herself than to him on whom her Bounty was conferred. It was a kind of avaricious Generosity, by which Flattery was rather purchased than Genius rewarded.

Mrs *Oldfield* had formerly given him the same Allowance with much more heroic Intention; she had no other View than to enable him to prosecute his Studies, and to set himself above the Want of Assistance, and was contented with doing good without stipulating for Encomiums.

Mr *Savage* however was not at Liberty to make Exceptions, but was ravished with the Favours which he had received, and probably yet more with those which he was promised; he considered himself now as a Favourite of the Queen, and did not doubt but a few annual Poems would establish him in some profitable Employment.

He therefore assumed the Title of *Volunteer Laureat*, not without some Reprehensions from *Cibber*, who informed him, that the Title of *Laureat* was a Mark of Honour conferred by the King, from whom all Honour is derived, and which therefore no Man has a Right to bestow upon himself; and added, that he might with equal Propriety stile himself a Volunteer Lord, or Volunteer Baronet.

It

It cannot be denied that the Remark was just; but *Savage* did not think any Title, which was conferred upon Mr *Cibber*, so honourable as that the Usurpation of it could be imputed to him as an Instance of very exorbitant Vanity, and therefore continued to write under the same Title, and received every Year the same Reward.

He did not appear to consider these Encomiums as Tests of his Abilities, or as any thing more than annual Hints to the Queen of her Promise, or Acts of Ceremony, by the Performance of which he was intitled to his Pension, and therefore did not labour them with great Diligence, or print more than fifty each Year, except that for some of the last Years he regularly inserted them in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, by which they were dispersed over the Kingdom.

Of some of them he had himself so low an Opinion, that he intended to omit them in the Collection of Poems, for which he printed Proposals, and solicited Subscriptions; nor can it seem strange, that being confined to the same Subject, he should be at some times indolent, and at others unsuccessful; that he should sometimes delay a disagreeable Task, till it was too late to perform it well; or that he should sometimes repeat the same Sentiment on the same Occasion, or at others  
be

be misled by an Attempt after Novelty to forced Conceptions, and far-fetched Images.

He wrote indeed with a double Intention, which supplied him with some Variety; for his Business was to praise the Queen for the Favours which he had received, and to complain to her of the Delay of those which she had promised: In some of his Pieces, therefore, Gratitude is predominant, and in some Discontent; in some he represents himself as happy in her Patronage, and in others as disconsolate to find himself neglected.

Her Promise, like other Promises made to this unfortunate Man, was never performed, though he took sufficient Care that it should not be forgotten. The Publication of his *Volunteer Laureat* procured him no other Reward than a regular Remittance of fifty Pounds.

He was not so depressed by his Disappointments as to neglect any Opportunity that was offered of advancing his Interest. When the Princess *Anne* was married, he wrote a Poem upon her Departure, only, as he declared, *because it was expected from him*, and he was not willing to bar his own Prospects by any Appearance of Neglect.

He never mentioned any Advantage gain'd by this Poem, or any Regard that was paid to it, and therefore it is likely that it was



considered at Court as an Act of Duty, to which he was obliged by his Dependence, and which it was therefore not necessary to reward by any new Favour: Or perhaps the Queen really intended his Advancement, and therefore thought it superfluous to lavish Presents upon a Man whom she intended to establish for Life.

About this Time not only his Hopes were in Danger of being frustrated, but his Pension likewise of being obstructed by an accidental Calumny. The Writer of the *Daily Courant*, a Paper then published under the Direction of the Ministry, charged him with a Crime, which, though not very great in itself, would have been remarkably invidious in him, and might very justly have incensed the Queen against him. He was accused by Name of influencing Elections against the Court, by appearing at the Head of a Tory Mob; nor did the Accuser fail to aggravate his Crime, by representing it as the Effect of the most atrocious Ingratitude, and a kind of Rebellion against the Queen, who had first preserved him from an infamous Death, and afterwards did distinguish him by her Favour, and supported him by her Charity. The Charge, as it was open and confident, was likewise by good Fortune very particular. The Place of the Transaction was mentioned, and the whole Series

Series of the Rioter's Conduct related. This Exactness made Mr *Savage's* Vindication easy, for he never had in his Life seen the Place which was declared to be the Scene of his Wickedness, nor ever had been present in any Town when its Representatives were chosen. This Answer he therefore made haste to publish, with all the Circumstances necessary to make it credible, and very reasonably demanded, that the Accusation should be retracted in the same Paper, that he might no longer suffer the Imputation of Sedition and Ingratitude. This Demand was likewise pressed by him in a private Letter to the Author of the Paper, who either trusting to the Protection of those whose Defence he had undertaken, or having entertained some personal Malice against Mr *Savage*, or fearing lest by retracting so confident an Assertion, he should impair the Credit of his Paper, refused to give him that Satisfaction.

Mr *Savage* therefore thought it necessary, to his own Vindication, to prosecute him in the King's Bench; but as he did not find any ill Effects from the Accusation, having sufficiently cleared his Innocence, he thought any farther Procedure would have the Appearance of Revenge, and therefore willingly dropped it.

He saw soon afterwards a Process commenced in the same Court against himself, on

an Information in which he was accused of writing and publishing an obscene Pamphlet.

It was always Mr *Savage's* Desire to be distinguished, and when any Controversy became popular, he never wanted some Reason for engaging in it with great Ardour, and appearing at the Head of the Party which he had chosen. As he was never celebrated for his Prudence, he had no sooner taken his Side, and informed himself of the chief Topics of the Dispute, than he took all Opportunities of asserting and propagating his Principles, without much Regard to his own Interest, or any other visible Design than that of drawing upon himself the Attention of Mankind,

The Dispute between the Bishop of *London* and the Chancellor is well known to have been for some Time the chief Topic of political Conversation, and therefore Mr *Savage*, in pursuance of his Character, endeavoured to become conspicuous among the Controversists with which every Coffee-House was filled on that Occasion. He was an indefatigable Opposer of all the Claims of Ecclesiastical Power, though he did not know on what they were founded, and was therefore no Friend to the Bishop of *London*. But he had another Reason for appearing as a warm Advocate for Dr *Rundle*, for he was the Friend of  
Mr



Mr *Foster* and Mr *Thompson*, who were the Friends of Mr *Savage*.

Thus remote was his Interest in the Question, which however, as he imagined, concerned him so nearly, that it was not sufficient to harangue and dispute, but necessary likewise to write upon it.

He therefore engaged with great Ardour in a new Poem, called by him, *The Progress of a Divine*, in which he conducts a profligate Priest, by all the Gradations of Wickedness, from a poor Curacy in the Country, to the highest Preferments of the Church, and describes, with that Humour which was natural to him, and that Knowledge which was extended to all the Diversities of human Life, his Behaviour in every Station, and insinuates that this Priest thus accomplished found at last a Patron in the Bishop of *London*.

When he was asked by one of his Friends, on what Pretence he could charge the Bishop with such an Action, he had no more to say than that he had only inverted the Accusation, and that he thought it reasonable to believe, that he, who obstructed the Rise of a good Man without Reason, would for bad Reasons promote the Exaltation of a Villain.

The Clergy were universally provoked by this Satire, and *Savage*, who, as was his constant Practice, had set his Name to his Performance,

formance, was censured in the *Weekly Miscellany* \* with a Severity, which he did not seem inclined to forget.

But

\* *A short Satire was likewise published in the same Paper, in which were the following Lines :*

For cruel Murder doom'd to Hempen Death,  
Savage, by Royal Grace, prolong'd his Breath.  
Well might you think, he spent his future Years  
In Prayer, and Fasting, and repentant Tears.  
—But, O vain Hope! — the truly *Savage* cries,  
“ Priests, and their slavish Doctrines, I despise.  
“ Shall I —————  
“ Who, by free Thinking to free Action fir'd,  
“ In midnight Brawls a deathless Name acquir'd,  
“ Now stoop to learn of Ecclesiastic Men? —  
“ —No, arm'd with Rhime, at Priests I'll take my Aim,  
“ Though Prudence bids me murder but their Fame.  
*Weekly Miscellany.*

*An Answer was published in the Gentleman's Magazine, written by an unknown Hand, from which the following Lines are selected :*

Transform'd by thoughtless Rage, and midnight Wine,  
From Malice free, and push'd without Design,  
In equal Brawl if *Savage* lung'd a Thrust,  
And brought the Youth a Victim to the Dust :  
So strong the Hand of Accident appears,  
The royal Hand from Guilt and Vengeance clears.  
Instead of wasting “ all thy future Years,  
“ Savage, in Pray'r and vain repentant Tears,”  
Exert thy Pen to mend a vicious Age,  
To curb the Priest, and sink his High-Church Rage;  
To

But a Return of Invektive was not thought a sufficient Punishment. The Court of *King's Bench* was therefore moved against him, and he was obliged to return an Answer to a Charge of Obscenity. It was urged in his Defence, that Obscenity was criminal when it was intended to promote the Practice of Vice, but that Mr *Savage* had only introduced obscene Ideas with the View of exposing them to Detestation, and of amending the Age by shewing the Deformity of Wickedness. This Plea was admitted, and Sir *Philip Yorke*, who then presided in that Court, dismissed the Information with Encomiums upon the Purity and Excellence of Mr *Savage's* Writings.

The

To shew what Frauds the holy Vestments hide;  
 The Nests of Av'rice, Lust, and pedant Pride.  
 Then change the Scene, let Merit brightly shine,  
 And round the Patriot twist the Wreath divine;  
 The heav'nly Guide deliver down to Fame;  
 In well-tun'd Lays transmit a *Foster's* Name.  
 Touch every Passion with harmonious Art,  
 Exalt the Genius, and correct the Heart.  
 Thus future Times shall royal Grace extol;  
 Thus polish'd Lines thy present Fame enrol.

—But grant—  
 —Maliciously that *Savage* plung'd the *Steel*,  
 And made the Youth its shining Vengeance feel;  
 My Soul abhors the Act, the Man detests,  
 But more the Bigotry in priestly Breasts.

*Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1735.



The Prosecution however answered in some measure the Purpose of those by whom it was set on Foot, for Mr Savage was so far intimidated by it, that when the Edition of his Poem was sold, he did not venture to reprint it, so that it was in a short Time forgotten, or forgotten by all but those whom it offended.

It is said, that some Endeavours were used to incense the Queen against him, but he found Advocates to obviate at least Part of their Effect; for though he was never advanced, he still continued to receive his Pension.

This Poem drew more Infamy upon him than any Incident of his Life, and as his Conduct cannot be vindicated, it is proper to secure his Memory from Reproach, by informing those whom he made his Enemies, that he never intended to repeat the Provocation; and that, though when ever he thought he had any Reason to complain of the Clergy, he used to threaten them with a new Edition of *The Progress of a Divine*, it was his calm and settled Resolution to suppress it for ever.

He once intended to have made a better Reparation for the Folly or Injustice with which he might be charged, by writing another Poem, called, *The Progress of a Free-Thinker*, whom he intended to lead through  
all

all the Stages of Vice and Folly, to convert him from Virtue to Wickedness, and from Religion to Infidelity by all the modish Sophistry used for that Purpose ; and at last to dismiss him by his own Hand into the other World.

That he did not execute this Design is a real Loss to Mankind, for he was too well acquainted with all the Scenes of Debauchery to have failed in his Representations of them, and too zealous for Virtue not to have represented them in such a Manner as should expose them either to Ridicule or Detestation.

But this Plan was, like others, formed and laid aside, till the Vigour of his Imagination was spent, and the Effervescence of Invention had subsided, but soon gave Way to some other Design, which pleased by its Novelty for a while, and then was neglected like the former.

He was still in his usual Exigencies, having no certain Support but the Pension allowed him by the Queen, which though it might have kept an exact Oeconomist from Want, was very far from being sufficient for Mr *Savage*, who had never been accustomed to dismiss any of his Appetites without the Gratification which they solicited, and whom nothing but Want of Money withheld from partaking of every Pleasure that fell within his View.

His Conduct with regard to his Pension was very particular. No sooner had he changed the Bill, than he vanished from the Sight of all his Acquaintances, and lay for some Time out of the Reach of all the Enquiries that Friendship or Curiosity could make after him; at length he appeared again penniless as before, but never informed even those whom he seemed to regard most, where he had been, nor was his Retreat ever discovered.

This was his constant Practice during the whole Time that he received the Pension from the Queen: He regularly disappeared and returned. He indeed affirmed, that he retired to study, and that the Money supported him in Solitude for many Months; but his Friends declared, that the short Time in which it was spent sufficiently confuted his own Account of his Conduct.

His Politeness and his Wit still raised him Friends, who were desirous of setting him at length free from that Indigence by which he had been hitherto oppressed, and therefore solicited Sir *Robert Walpole* in his Favour with so much Earnestness, that they obtained a Promise of the next Place that should become vacant, not exceeding two hundred Pounds a Year. This Promise was made with an uncommon Declaration, *that it was not the Promise*



*Promise of a Minister to a Petitioner, but of a Friend to his Friend.*

Mr *Savage* now concluded himself set at Ease for ever, and, as he observes in a Poem \* written

\* *The Poet's Dependence on a Statesman; which was published in the Gentleman's Magazine (Vol. VI. p. 225.) and contained among others the following Passages.*

Some seem to hint, and others Proof will bring,  
That, from Neglect, my num'rous Hardships spring.  
" Seek the great Man," they cry——'tis then decreed  
In *him* if I court *Fortune*, I succeed.

What Friends to second? Who, for *me*, should sue,  
Have Int'rests, partial to *themselves*, in View.

They own my matchless Fate Compassion draws,  
They all wish well, lament, but drop my Cause.

——Say, shall I turn where *Lucre* points my Views;  
At first desert my Friends, at length abuse?

But, on less Terms, in *Promise* he complies;

Years bury Years, and Hopes on Hopes arise;

I trust, am trusted on my fairy Gain;

And Woes on Woes attend, an endless Train.

Be Posts dispos'd at Will!——I have, for these,  
No Gold to plead, no Impudence to tease.

All Secret Service from my Soul I hate;

All dark Intrigues of Pleasure, or of State.

——Where these are not, what Claim to me belongs;

Though mine the *Muse* and *Virtue*, *Birth* and *Wrongs*?

Where lives the *Statesman*, so in *Honour* clear,

To give where he has nought to hope, nor fear?

No! —there to seek, is but to find fresh Pain:

The *Promise* broke, renew'd and broke again;

To be, as *Humour* deigns, receiv'd, refus'd;

By turns affronted, and by turns amus'd;

written on that Incident of his Life, *trusted* and *was trusted*, but soon found that his Confidence was ill-grounded, and this *friendly* Promise was not inviolable. He spent a long Time in Solicitations, and at last despaired and desisted.

He did not indeed deny that he had given the Minister some Reason to believe that he should not strengthen his own Interest by advancing him; for he had taken Care to distinguish himself in Coffee-Houses as an Advocate for the Ministry of the last Years of Queen *Anne*, and was always ready to justify the Conduct, and exalt the Character of Lord *Bolingbroke*, whom he mentions with great Regard in an Epistle upon Authors, which he wrote about that Time, but was too wise to publish, and of which only some Fragments \* have appeared, inserted by him in the Magazine after his Retirement.

To

To lose that Time, which worthier Thoughts require,  
To lose that Health, which should those Thoughts inspire;  
To starve on Hope; or, like Camelions, fare  
On *ministerial Faith*, which means but Air.

—A Scene *will* shew — (all-righteous Vision haste)  
The Meek exalted, and the Proud debas'd! —  
Oh! to be there! — to tread that friendly Shore;  
Where *Falseness, Pride* and *Statesmen* are no more!

\* From these the following Lines are selected as an Instance rather of his Impartiality than Genius.

Materials which Belief in Gazettes claim,  
Loose strung, run gling into Hist'ry's Name.

Thick

To despair was not, however, the Character

Thick as Egyptian Clouds of raining Flies ;  
 As thick as Worms where Man corrupting lies ;  
 As Pests obscene that haunt the ruin'd Pile ;  
 As Monsters flound'ring in the muddy Nile ;  
 Minutes Memoirs, Views, and Reviews appear,  
 Where Slander darkens each recorded Year.  
 In a past Reign is fam'd some am'rous League ;  
 Some Ring, or Letter, now reveals th' Intrigue ;  
 Queens with their Minions work unseemly Things,  
 And Boys grow Dukes, when Catamites to Kings.  
 Does a Prince die ? What Poisons they surmise !  
 No Royal Mortal sure by Nature dies.  
 Is a Prince born ? What Birth more base believ'd ?  
 Or, what's more strange, his Mother ne'er conceiv'd !  
 Thus Slander popular o'er Truth prevails,  
 And easy Minds imbibe romantic Tales.

Some usurp Names ——an *English Garrettee*,  
 From *Minutes* forg'd, is *Monsieur Menager*.  
 ——Where *hear-say Knowledge* sits on public Names,  
 And bold *Conjecture* or extols, or blames,  
 Spring *Party Libels* ; from whose Ashes dead,  
 A *Monster*, misnam'd *Hiss'ry*, lifts its Head.  
 Contending Factions croud to hear its Roar !  
 But when once heard, it dies to noise no more.  
 From these no Answer, no Applause from those,  
 O'er half they simmer, and o'er half they doze.  
 So when in Senate, with egregious Pate,  
 Perks up Sir ——in some deep Debate ;  
 He hems, looks wise, tunes then his lab'ring Throat,  
 To prove Black White, postpone or palm the Vote,  
 In sly Contempt, some, *hear him ! hear him ! cry ;*  
 Some yawn, some sneer ; none second, none reply.  
 But dare such Miscreants now rush abroad,  
 By Blanket, Cane, Pump, Pillory, unaw'd ?

Dare



rafter of *Savage*, when one Patronage failed, he had recourse to another. The Prince was now extremely popular, and had very liberally rewarded the Merit of some Writers whom Mr *Savage* did not think superior to himself, and therefore he resolved to address a Poem to him.

For this Purpose he made Choice of a Subject, which could regard only Persons of the highest Rank and greatest Affluence, and which was therefore proper for a Poem intended

Dare they imp Falshood thus, and plume her Wings,  
From present Characters, and recent Things?  
Yes, what Untruths! or Truths in what Disguise!  
What *Boyers*, and what *Oldmixons* arise!  
What *Facts*, from all but *them* and *Slander* screen'd!  
Here meets a Council, no where else conven'd;  
There, from *Originals*, come, thick as Spawn,  
*Letters* ne'er wrote, Memorials never drawn;  
To *secret Conference*, never held, they yoke  
Treaties ne'er plann'd, and Speeches never spoke.  
From, *Oldmixon*, thy Brow, too well we know,  
Like *Sin* from *Satan's*, far and wide they go.

In vain may *St John* save in Conscience fit,  
In vain with Truth confute, condemn with Wit:  
Confute, condemn, amid selected Friends;  
There sinks the Justice, there the Satire ends.  
Here through a *Cent'ry* scarce such Leaves uncloset,  
From Mold and Dust the Slander sacred grows.  
Now none reply where all despise the Page;  
But will dumb Scorn deceive no future Age?

*Gentleman's Magazine*, Sept. 1741.

tended to procure the Patronage of a Prince ; and having retired for some Time to *Richmond*, that he might prosecute his Design in full Tranquillity, without the Temptations of Pleasure, or the Solicitations of Creditors, by which his Meditations were in equal Danger of being disconcerted, he produced a Poem *On public Spirit, with regard to public Works.*

The Plan of this Poem is very extensive, and comprises a Multitude of Topics, each of which might furnish Matter sufficient for a long Performance, and of which some have already employed more eminent Writers ; but as he was perhaps not fully acquainted with the whole Extent of his own Design, and was writing to obtain a Supply of Wants too pressing to admit of long or accurate Enquiries, he passes negligently over many public Works, which, even in his own Opinion, deserved to be more elaborately treated.

But though he may sometimes disappoint his Reader by transient Touches upon these Subjects, which have often been considered, and therefore naturally raise Expectations, he must be allowed amply to compensate his Omissions by expatiating in the Conclusion of his Work upon a Kind of Beneficence not yet celebrated by any eminent Poet, though it now appears more susceptible of Embellishments, more adapted to exalt the  
Ideas,

Ideas, and affect the Passions; than many of those which have hitherto been thought most worthy of the Ornaments of Verse. The Settlement of Colonies in uninhabited Countries, the Establishment of those in Security whose Misfortunes have made their own Country no longer pleasing or safe, the Acquisition of Property without Injury to any, the Appropriation of the waste and luxuriant Bounties of Nature, and the Enjoyment of those Gifts which Heaven has scattered upon Regions uncultivated and unoccupied, cannot be considered without giving Rise to a great Number of pleasing Ideas, and bewildering the Imagination in delightful Prospects; and, therefore, whatever Speculations they may produce in those who have confined themselves to political Studies, naturally fixed the Attention, and excited the Applause of a Poet. The Politician, when he considers Men driven into other Countries for Shelter, and obliged to retire to Forests and Deserts, and pass their Lives and fix their Posterity in the remotest Corners of the World, to avoid those Hardships which they suffer or fear in their native Place, may very properly enquire why the Legislature does not provide a Remedy for these Miseries, rather than encourage an Escape from them. He may conclude, that the Flight of every honest Man is a Loss to the

the



the Community, that those who are unhappy without Guilt ought to be relieved, and the Life which is overburthened by accidental Calamities, set at Ease by the Care of the Publick, and that those, who have by Misconduct forfeited their Claim to Favour, ought rather to be made useful to the Society which they have injured, than be driven from it. But the Poet is employed in a more pleasing Undertaking than that of proposing Laws, which, however just or expedient, will never be made, or endeavouring to reduce to rational Schemes of Government Societies which were formed by Chance, and are conducted by the private Passions of those who preside in them. He guides the unhappy Fugitive from Want and Persecution, to Plenty, Quiet, and Security, and seats him in Scenes of peaceful Solitude, and undisturbed Repose.

*Savage* has not forgotten, amidst the pleasing Sentiments which this Prospect of Retirement suggested to him, to censure those Crimes which have been generally committed by the Discoverers of new Regions, and to expose the enormous Wickedness of making War upon barbarous Nations because they cannot resist, and of invading Countries because they are fruitful; of extending Navigation only to propagate Vice, and of visiting distant Lands only to lay them waste.

R

He

He has asserted the natural Equality of Mankind, and endeavoured to suppress that Pride which inclines Men to imagine that Right is the Consequence of Power\*.

His Description of the various Miseries which force Men to seek for Refuge in distant Countries, affords another Instance of his Proficiency in the important and extensive Study of human Life; and the Tenderness with which he recounts them, another Proof of his Humanity and Benevolence.

It is observable, that the Close of this Poem discovers a Change which Experience had made

\* Learn, future Natives of this promis'd Land,  
 What your Fore-fathers ow'd my saving Hand !  
 Learn, when *Despair* such sudden Bliss shall see,  
 Such Bliss must shine from OGLETHORPE or † Me !  
 Do you the neighb'ring, blameless *Indian* aid,  
 Culture what he neglects, not his invade ;  
 Dare not, oh ! dare not, with ambitious View,  
 Force or demand Subjection, never due.  
 Let by *my* specious Name no *Tyrants* rise,  
 And cry, while they enslave, they civilize !  
 Why must I *Afric's* fable Children see  
 Vended for Slaves, though form'd by Nature free ?  
 The nameless Tortures cruel Minds invent,  
 Those to subject, whom Nature equal meant ?  
 If these you dare, albeit unjust Success  
 Empow'rs you now unpunish'd to oppress,  
 Revolving Empire you and yours may doom ;  
*Rome* all subdu'd, yet *Vandals* vanquish'd *Rome* :  
 Yes, Empire may revolve, give them the Day,  
 And Yoke may Yoke, and Blood may Blood repay.

\* *Publick Spirit.*

made in Mr *Savage's* Opinions. In a Poem written by him in his Youth, and published in his Miscellanies, he declares his Contempt of the contracted Views and narrow Prospects of the middle State of Life, and declares his Resolution either to tower like the Cedar, or be trampled like the Shrub; but in this Poem, though addressed to a Prince, he mentions this State of Life as comprising those who ought most to attract Reward, those who merit most the Confidence of Power, and the Familiarity of Greatness; and accidentally mentioning this Passage to one of his Friends, declared that in his Opinion all the Virtue of Mankind was comprehended in that State.

In describing Villas and Gardens, he did not omit to condemn that absurd Custom, which prevails among the *English*, of permitting Servants to receive Money from Strangers for the Entertainment that they receive; and therefore inserted in his Poem these Lines:

But what's the flow'ring Pride of Gardens rare,  
 However royal, or however fair,  
 If Gates, which to Access should still give way,  
 Ope but, like *Peter's* Paradise, for Pay?  
 If perquisited Varlets frequent stand,  
 And each new Walk must a new Tax demand?  
 What foreign Eye but with Contempt surveys?  
 What Muse shall from Oblivion snatch their Praise?



But before the Publication of his Performance he recollected, that the Queen allowed her Garden and Cave at *Richmond* to be shewn for Money, and that she so openly countenanced the Practice, that she had bestowed the Privilege of shewing them as a Place of Profit on a Man whose Merit she valued herself upon rewarding, though she gave him only the Liberty of disgracing his Country.

He therefore thought, with more Prudence than was often exerted by him, that the Publication of these Lines might be officiously represented as an Insult upon the Queen to whom he owed his Life and his Subsistence, and that the Propriety of his Observation would be no Security against the Censures which the Unseasonableness of it might draw upon him; he therefore suppressed the Passage in the first Edition, but after the Queen's Death thought the same Caution no longer necessary, and restored it to the proper Place.

The Poem was therefore published without any political Faults, and inscribed to the Prince; but Mr *Savage* having no Friend upon whom he could prevail to present it to him, had no other Method of attracting his Observation than the Publication of frequent Advertisements, and therefore received no Reward from his Patron, however generous on other Occasions

This

This Disappointment he never mentioned without Indignation, being by some means or other confident that the Prince was not ignorant of his Address to him, and insinuated, that if any Advances in Popularity could have been made by distinguishing him, he had not written without Notice, or without Reward.

He was once inclined to have presented his Poem in Person, and sent to the Printer for a Copy with that Design; but either his Opinion changed, or his Resolution deserted him, and he continued to resent Neglect without attempting to force himself into Regard.

Nor was the Public much more favourable than his Patron, for only seventy-two were sold, though the Performance was much commended by some whose Judgment in that Kind of Writing is generally allowed. But *Savage* easily reconciled himself to Mankind without imputing any Defect to his Work, by observing that his Poem was unluckily published two Days after the Prorogation of the Parliament, and by consequence at a Time when all those who could be expected to regard it were in the Hurry of preparing for their Departure, or engaged in taking Leave of others upon their Dismission from Public Affairs.

It must be however allowed, in Justification of the Public, that this Performance is  
not

not the most excellent of Mr *Savage's* Works, and that though it cannot be denied to contain many striking Sentiments, majestic Lines, and just Observations, it is in general not sufficiently polished in the Language, or enlivened in the Imagery, or digested in the Plan.

Thus his Poem contributed nothing to the Alleviation of his Poverty, which was such as very few could have supported with equal Patience, but to which it must likewise be confessed, that few would have been exposed who receive punctually fifty Pounds a Year; a Salary which, though by no means equal to the Demands of Vanity and Luxury, is yet found sufficient to support Families above Want, and was undoubtedly more than the Necessities of Life require.

But no sooner had he received his Pension, than he withdrew to his darling Privacy, from which he return'd in a short Time to his former Distress, and for some Part of the Year, generally lived by Chance, eating only when he was invited to the Tables of his Acquaintances, from which the Meanness of his Dress often excluded him, when the Politeness and Variety of his Conversation would have been thought a sufficient Recompence for his Entertainment.

He lodged as much by Accident as he dined, and passed the Night sometimes in mean Houses.



Houses, which are set open at Night to any casual Wanderers, sometimes in Cellars among the Riot and Filth of the meanest and most profligate of the Rabble; and sometimes, when he had no Money to support even the Expences of these Receptacles, walked about the Streets till he was weary, and lay down in the Summer upon a Bulk, or in the Winter, with his Associates in Poverty, among the Ashes of a Glass-house.

In this Manner were passed those Days and those Nights, which Nature had enabled him to have employed in elevated Speculations, useful Studies, or pleasing Conversation. On a Bulk, in a Cellar, or in a Glass-house among Thieves and Beggars, was to be found the Author of the *Wanderer*, the Man of exalted Sentiments, extensive Views, and curious Observations, the Man whose Remarks on Life might have assisted the Statesman, whose Ideas of Virtue might have enlightned the Moralist, whose Eloquence might have influenced Senates, and whose Delicacy might have polished Courts.

It cannot be imagined but that such Necessities might sometimes force him upon disreputable Practices, and it is probable that these Lines in the *Wanderer* were occasioned by his Reflections on his own Conduct.

Though

Though Mis'ry leads to Fortitude and Truth,  
 Unequal to the Load this languid Youth,  
 (O! let none censure if untry'd by Grief,  
 Or amidst Woes untempted by Relief,)  
 He stoop'd, reluctant, to mean Acts of Shame,  
 Which then, ev'n then, he scorn'd, and blush'd to  
 name.

Whoever was acquainted with him, was certain to be solicited for small Sums, which the Frequency of the Request made in Time considerable, and he was therefore quickly shunned by those who were become familiar enough to be trusted with his Necessities; but his rambling Manner of Life, and constant Appearance at Houses of public Resort, always procured him a new Succession of Friends, whose Kindness had not been exhausted by repeated Requests, so that he was seldom absolutely without Resources, but had in his utmost Exigences this Comfort, that he always imagined himself sure of speedy Relief.

It was observed that he always asked Favours of this Kind without the least Submission or apparent Consciousness of Dependence, and that he did not seem to look upon a Compliance with his Request as an Obligation that deserved any extraordinary Acknowledgments, but a Refusal was resented by him as an Affront, or complained of as an Injury; nor  
 did

did he readily reconcile himself to those who either denied to lend, or gave him afterwards any Intimation, that they expected to be repaid.

He was sometimes so far compassionated by those who knew both his Merit and his Distresses, that they received him into their Families, but they soon discovered him to be a very incommodious Inmate; for being always accustomed to an irregular Manner of Life, he could not confine himself to any stated Hours, or pay any Regard to the Rules of a Family, but would prolong his Conversation till Midnight, without considering that Business might require his Friend's Application in the Morning; nor when he had persuaded himself to retire to Bed, was he without equal Difficulty, called up to Dinner; it was therefore impossible to pay him any Distinction without the entire Subversion of all Oeconomy, a Kind of Establishment which, wherever he went, he always appeared ambitious to overthrow.

It must therefore be acknowledged, in Justification of Mankind, that it was not always by the Negligence or Coldness of his Friends that *Savage* was distressed, but because it was in reality very difficult to preserve him long in a State of Ease. To supply him with Money was a hopeless Attempt, for no sooner did he see himself Master of a Sum sufficient to set

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him



him free from Care for a Day, than he became profuse and luxurious. When once he had entred a Tavern, or engaged in a Scheme of Pleasure, he never retired till Want of Money obliged him to some new Expedient. If he was entertained in a Family, nothing was any longer to be regarded there but Amusements and Jollity; wherever *Savage* entered he immediately expected that Order and Business should fly before him, that all should thenceforward be left to Hazard, and that no dull Principle of domestic Management should be opposed to his Inclination, or intrude upon his Gaiety.

His Distresses, however afflictive, never dejected him; in his lowest State he wanted not Spirit to assert the natural Dignity of Wit, and was always ready to repress that Insolence which Superiority of Fortune incited, and to trample the Reputation which rose upon any other Basis than that of Merit: He never admitted any gross Familiarities, or submitted to be treated otherwise than as an Equal. Once when he was without Lodging, Meat, or Cloaths, one of his Friends, a Man not indeed remarkable for Moderation in his Prosperity, left a Message, that he desired to see him about nine in the Morning. *Savage* knew that his Intention was to assist him, but was very much disgusted, that he should

should presume to prescribe the Hour of his Attendance, and, I believe, refused to visit him, and rejected his Kindness.

The same invincible Temper, whether Firmness or Obstinacy, appeared in his Conduct to the Lord *Tyrconnel*, from whom he very frequently demanded that the Allowance which was once paid him should be restored, but with whom he never appeared to entertain for a Moment the Thought of soliciting a Reconciliation, and whom he treated at once with all the Haughtiness of Superiority, and all the Bitterness of Resentment. He wrote to him not in a Stile of Supplication or Respect, but of Reproach, Menace, and Contempt, and appeared determined, if he ever regained his Allowance, to hold it only by the Right of Conquest.

As many more can discover, that a Man is richer than that he is wiser than themselves, Superiority of Understanding is not so readily acknowledged as that of Condition; nor is that Haughtiness, which the Consciousness of great Abilities incites, borne with the same Submission as the Tyranny of Wealth; and therefore *Savage*, by asserting his Claim to Deference and Regard, and by treating those with Contempt whom better Fortune animated to rebel against him, did not fail to raise a great Number of Enemies in the different Classes of

Mankind. Those who thought themselves raised above him by the Advantages of Riches, hated him because they found no Protection from the Petulance of his Wit. Those who were esteemed for their Writings feared him as a Critic, and maligned him as a Rival, and almost all the smaller Wits were his professed Enemies.

Among these Mr *Millar* so far indulged his Resentment as to introduce him in a Farce, and direct him to be personated on the Stage in a Dress like that which he then wore; a mean Insult which only insinuated, that *Savage* had but one Coat, and which was therefore despised by him rather than resented; for though he wrote a Lampoon against *Millar*, he never printed it: and as no other Person ought to prosecute that Revenge from which the Person who was injured desisted, I shall not preserve what Mr *Savage* suppressed; of which the Publication would indeed have been a Punishment too severe for so impotent an Assault.

The great Hardships of Poverty were to *Savage* not the Want of Lodging or of Food, but the Neglect and Contempt which it drew upon him. He complained that as his Affairs grew desperate he found his Reputation for Capacity visibly decline, that his Opinion in Questions of Criticism was no longer regarded,



garded, when his Coat was out of Fashion; and that those who in the Interval of his Prosperity were always encouraging him to great Undertakings by Encomiums on his Genius and Assurances of Success, now received any Mention of his Designs with Coldness, thought that the Subjects on which he proposed to write were very difficult; and were ready to inform him, that the Event of a Poem was uncertain, that an Author ought to employ much Time in the Consideration of his Plan, and not presume to sit down to write in Confidence of a few cursory Ideas, and a superficial Knowledge; Difficulties were started on all Sides, and he was no longer qualified for any Performance but the *Volunteer Laureat*.

Yet even this Kind of Contempt never depressed him; for he always preserved a steady Confidence in his own Capacity, and believed nothing above his Reach which he should at any Time earnestly endeavour to attain. He formed Schemes of the same Kind with regard to Knowledge and to Fortune, and flattered himself with Advances to be made in Science, as with Riches to be enjoyed in some distant Period of his Life. For the Acquisition of Knowledge he was indeed far better qualified than for that of Riches; for he was naturally inquisitive and desirous of  
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the Conversation of those from whom any Information was to be obtained, but by no Means solicitous to improve these Opportunities that were sometimes offered of raising his Fortune; and was remarkably retentive of his Ideas, which, when once he was in Possession of them, rarely forsook him; a Quality which could never be communicated to his Money.

While he was thus wearing out his Life in Expectation that the Queen would some time recollect her Promise, he had Recourse to the usual Practice of Writers, and published Proposals for printing his Works by Subscription, to which he was encouraged by the Success of many who had not a better Right to the Favour of the Public; but whatever was the Reason, he did not find the World equally inclined to favour him, and he observed with some Discontent, that though he offered his Works at half a Guinea, he was able to procure but a small Number in Comparison with those who subscribed twice as much to *Duck*.

Nor was it without Indignation that he saw his Proposals neglected by the Queen, who patronised Mr *Duck's* with uncommon Ardour, and incited a Competition among those who attended the Court, who should most promote his Interest, and who should first offer a Subscription. This was a Distinction to which

which Mr *Savage* made no Scruple of asserting that his Birth, his Misfortunes, and his Genius gave him a fairer Title, than could be pleaded by him on whom it was conferred.

*Savage's* Applications were however not universally unsuccessful; for some of the Nobility countenanced his Design, encouraged his Proposals, and subscribed with great Liberality. He related of the Duke of *Chandos* particularly, that, upon receiving his Proposals, he sent him ten Guineas.

But the Money which his Subscriptions afforded him was not less volatile than that which he received from his other Schemes; whenever a Subscription was paid him he went to a Tavern, and as Money so collected is necessarily received in small Sums, he never was able to send his Poems to the Press, but for many Years continued his Solicitation, and squandered whatever he obtained.

This Project of printing his Works was frequently revived, and as his Proposals grew obsolete, new ones were printed with fresher Dates. To form Schemes for the Publication was one of his favourite Amusements, nor was he ever more at Ease than when with any Friend who readily fell in with his Schemes, he was adjusting the Print, forming the Advertisements, and regulating the Dispersion of his new Edition, which he really intended  
some



some time to publish, and which, as long Experience had shewn him the Impossibility of printing the Volume together, he at last determined to divide into weekly or monthly Numbers, that the Profits of the first might supply the Expences of the next.

Thus he spent his Time in mean Expedients and tormenting Suspense, living for the greatest Part in Fear of Prosecutions from his Creditors, and consequently skulking in obscure Parts of the Town, of which he was no Stranger to the remotest Corners. But wherever he came his Address secured him Friends, whom his Necessities soon alienated, so that he had perhaps a more numerous Acquaintance than any Man ever before attained, there being scarcely any Person eminent on any Account to whom he was not known, or whose Character he was not in some Degree able to delineate.

To the Acquisition of this extensive Acquaintance every Circumstance of his Life contributed. He excelled in the Arts of Conversation, and therefore willingly practised them: He had seldom any Home, or even a Lodging in which he could be private, and therefore was driven into public Houses for the common Conveniences of Life, and Supports of Nature. He was always ready to comply with every Invitation, having no Employment

ployment to withhold him, and often no Money to provide for himself; and by dining with one Company, he never failed of obtaining an Introduction into another.

Thus dissipated was his Life, and thus casual his Subsistence; yet did not the Distraction of his Views hinder him from Reflection, nor the Uncertainty of his Condition depress his Gaiety. When he had wandered about without any fortunate Adventure, by which he was led into a Tavern, he sometimes retired into the Fields, and was able to employ his Mind in Study to amuse it with pleasing Imaginations; and seldom appeared to be melancholy, but when some sudden Misfortune had just fallen upon him, and even then in a few Moments he would disentangle himself from his Perplexity, adopt the Subject of Conversation, and apply his Mind wholly to the Objects that others presented to it.

This Life, unhappy as it may be already imagined, was yet imbitter'd in 1738, with new Calamities. The Death of the Queen deprived him of all the Prospects of Preferment with which he had so long entertained his Imagination; and as Sir *Robert Walpole* had before given him Reason to believe that he never intended the Performance of his Pro-

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mise,

mise, he was now abandoned again to Fortune.

He was, however, at that time, supported by a Friend; and as it was not his Custom to look out for distant Calamities, or to feel any other Pain than that which forced itself upon his Senses, he was not much afflicted at his Loss, and perhaps comforted himself that his Pension would be now continued without the annual Tribute of a Panegyric.

Another Expectation contributed likewise to support him; he had taken a Resolution to write a second Tragedy upon the Story of *Sir Thomas Overbury*, in which he preserved a few Lines of his former Play; but made a total Alteration of the Plan, added new Incidents, and introduced new Characters; so that it was a new Tragedy, not a Revival of the former.

Many of his Friends blamed him for not making Choice of another Subject; but in Vindication of himself, he asserted, that it was not easy to find a better; and that he thought it his Interest to extinguish the Memory of the first Tragedy, which he could only do by writing one less defective upon the same Story; by which he should entirely defeat the Artifice of the Booksellers, who after the Death of any Author of Reputation, are always industrious  
to



to swell his Works, by uniting his worst Productions with his best.

In the Execution of this Scheme, however, he proceeded but slowly, and probably only employed himself upon it when he could find no other Amusement; but he pleased himself with counting the Profits, and perhaps imagined, that the theatrical Reputation which he was about to acquire, would be equivalent to all that he had lost by the Death of his Patrons.

He did not in confidence of his approaching Riches neglect the Measures proper to secure the Continuance of his Pension, though some of his Favourers thought him culpable for omitting to write on her Death; but on her Birthday next Year he gave a Proof of the Solidity of his Judgment, and the Power of his Genius.

He knew that the Track of Elegy had been so long beaten, that it was impossible to travel in it without treading in the Footsteps of those who had gone before him; and that therefore it was necessary, that he might distinguish himself from the Herd of Encomiasts, to find out some new Walk of funeral Panegyric.

This difficult Task he performed in such a Manner, that his Poem may be justly ranked among the best Pieces that the Death of Princes has produced. By transferring the

Mention of her Death to her Birth-Day, he has formed a happy Combination of Topics, which any other Man would have thought it very difficult to connect in one View, but which he has united in such a Manner, that the Relation between them appears natural; and it may be justly said, that what no other Man would have thought on, it now appears scarcely possible for any Man to miss\*.

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\*To exhibit a Specimen of the Beauties of this Poem, the following Passages are selected.

Oft has the Muse, on this distinguish'd Day,  
Tun'd to glad Harmony the vernal Lay;  
But, O lamented Change! The Lay must flow  
From grateful Rapture now to grateful Woe.  
She, to this Day, who joyous Lustre gave,  
Descends for ever to the silent Grave.  
She born at once to charm us and to mend,  
Of human Race the Pattern and the Friend.  
—And, thou, bright Princess! seated now on high,  
Next one, the fairest Daughter of the Sky,  
Whose warm-felt Love is to all Beings known,  
Thy Sister *Charity*! next her thy Throne;  
See at thy Tomb the Virtues weeping lie!  
There in dumb Sorrow seem the Arts to die:  
So were the Sun o'er other Orbs to blaze,  
And from our World, like thee, withdraw his Rays,  
No more to visit where he warm'd before,  
All Life must cease, and Nature be no more.  
Yet shall the MUSE a heav'nly Height essay,  
Beyond the Weakness mix'd with mortal Clay;  
Beyond the Loss, which, tho' she bleeds to see,  
Tho' ne'er to be redeem'd, the Loss of thee;

Beyond

The Beauty of this peculiar Combination of Images is so masterly, that it is sufficient to set this Poem above Censure; and therefore it is not necessary to mention many other delicate Touches which may be found in it, and which would deservedly be admired in any other Performance.

To these Proofs of his Genius may be added, from the same Poem, an Instance of his Prudence, an Excellence for which he was not so often distinguished; he does not forget \* to remind the King, in the most delicate and artful Manner, of continuing his Pension.

With  
Beyond ev'n this, she hails, with joyous Lay,  
Thy better Birth, thy first true natal Day;  
A Day, that sees Thee born, beyond the Tomb,  
To endless Health, to Youth's eternal Bloom;  
Born to the mighty Dead, the Souls sublime  
Of ev'ry famous Age, and ev'ry Clime;  
To Goodness fix'd, by Truth's unvarying Laws,  
To Bliss that knows no Period, knows no Pause-----  
Save when thine Eye, from yonder pure Serene,  
Sheds a soft Ray on this our gloomy Scene.

\* ----- Deign one Look more! Ah! See thy Confort  
dear!

Wishing all Hearts, except his own, to cheer.

Lo! still he bids thy wonted Bounties flow

To weeping Families of Worth and Woe.

He stops all Tears, however fast they rise,

Save those that still must fall from grateful Eyes:

And spite of Grievs, that so usurp his Mind,

Still watches o'er the Welfare of Mankind.



With regard to the Success of this Address he was for some Time in Suspense, but was in no great Degree solicitous about it, and continued his Labour upon his new Tragedy with great Tranquillity, till the Friend, who had for a considerable time supported him, removing his Family to another Place, took Occasion to dismiss him. It then became necessary to enquire more diligently what was determined in his Affair, having Reason to suspect that no great Favour was intended him, because he had not received his Pension at the usual Time.

It is said, that he did not take those Methods of retrieving his Interest which were most likely to succeed; and some of those who were employed in the Exchequer, cautioned him against too much Violence in his Proceedings; but Mr *Savage*, who seldom regulated his Conduct by the Advice of others, gave way to his Passion, and demanded of Sir *Robert Walpole*, at his Levee, the Reason of the Distinction that was made between him and the other Pensioners of the Queen, with a Degree of Roughness, which perhaps determined him to withdraw what had been only delayed.

Whatever was the Crime of which he was accused or suspected, and whatever Influence was employed against him, he received soon  
after

after an Account that took from him all Hopes of regaining his Pension; and he had now no Prospect of Subsistence but from his Play, and he knew no Way of Living for the Time required to finish it.

So peculiar were the Misfortunes of this Man, deprived of an Estate and Title by a particular Law, exposed and abandoned by a Mother, defrauded by a Mother of a Fortune which his Father had allotted him, he enter'd the World without a Friend; and though his Abilities forced themselves into Esteem and Reputation, he was never able to obtain any real Advantage, and whatever Prospects arose, were always intercepted as he began to approach them. The King's Intentions in his Favour were frustrated; his Dedication to the Prince, whose Generosity on every other Occasion was eminent, procured him no Reward; Sir *Robert Walpole*, who valued himself upon keeping his Promise to others, broke it to him without Regret; and the Bounty of the Queen was, after her Death, withdrawn from him, and from him only.

Such were his Misfortunes, which yet he bore not only with Decency, but with Cheerfulness, nor was his Gaiety clouded even by his last Disappointment, though he was in a short Time reduced to the lowest Degree of Distress,

strefs, and often wanted both Lodging and Food. At this Time he gave another Instance of the insurmountable Obstinacy of his Spirit; his Cloaths were worn out, and he received Notice that at a Coffee-House some Cloaths and Linen were left for him; the Person who sent them, did not, I believe, inform him to whom he was to be obliged, that he might spare the Perplexity of acknowledging the Benefit; but though the Offer was so far generous, it was made with some Neglect of Ceremonies, which Mr *Savage* so much resented, that he refused the Present, and declined to enter the House, till the Cloaths that had been designed for him were taken away.

His Distress was now publicly known, and his Friends, therefore, thought it proper to concert some Measures for his Relief; and one of them wrote a Letter to him, in which he expressed his Concern *for the miserable withdrawing of his Pension*; and gave him Hopes that, in a short Time, he should find himself supplied with a Competence, *without any Dependence on those little Creatures which we are pleased to call the Great.*

The Scheme proposed for this happy and independent Subsistence, was, that he should retire into *Wales*, and receive an Allowance of fifty Pounds a Year, to be raised by a Subscription,



scription, on which he was to live privately in a cheap Place, without aspiring any more to Affluence, or having any farther Care of Reputation.

This Offer Mr *Savage* gladly accepted, tho' with Intentions very different from those of his Friends; for they proposed, that he should continue an Exile from *London* for ever, and spend all the remaining Part of his Life at *Swansea*; but he designed only to take the Opportunity, which their Scheme offered him, of retreating for a short Time, that he might prepare his Play for the Stage, and his other Works for the Press, and then to return to *London* to exhibit his Tragedy, and live upon the Profits of his own Labour.

With regard to his Works, he proposed very great Improvements, which would have required much Time, or great Application; and when he had finish'd them, he designed to do Justice to his Subscribers, by publishing them according to his Proposals.

As he was ready to entertain himself with future Pleasures, he had planned out a Scheme of Life for the Country, of which he had no Knowledge but from Pastorals and Songs. He imagined that he should be transported to Scenes of flow'ry Felicity, like those which one Poet has reflected to another, and had projected

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a per-

a perpetual Round of innocent Pleasures, of which he suspected no Interruption from Pride, or Ignorance, or Brutality.

With these Expectations he was so enchanted, that when he was once gently reproach'd by a Friend for submitting to live upon a Subscription, and advised rather by a resolute Exertion of his Abilities to support himself, he could not bear to debar himself from the Happiness which was to be found in the Calm of a Cottage, or lose the Opportunity of listening, without Intermission, to the Melody of the Nightingale, which he believ'd was to be heard from every Bramble, and which he did not fail to mention as a very important Part of the Happiness of a Country Life.

While this Scheme was ripening, his Friends directed him to take a Lodging in the Liberties of the Fleet, that he might be secure from his Creditors, and sent him every Monday a Guinea, which he commonly spent before the next Morning, and trusted, after his usual Manner, the remaining Part of the Week to the Bounty of Fortune.

He now began very sensibly to feel the Miseries of Dependence: Those by whom he was to be supported, began to prescribe to him with an Air of Authority, which he knew

knew not how decently to resent, nor patiently to bear; and he soon discovered, from the Conduct of most of his Subscribers, that he was yet in the Hands of *Little Creatures*.

Of the Insolence that he was obliged to suffer, he gave many Instances, of which none appeared to raise his Indignation to a greater Height, than the Method which was taken of furnishing him with Cloaths. Instead of consulting him, and allowing him to send to a Taylor his Orders for what they thought proper to allow him, they proposed to send for a Taylor to take his Measure, and then to consult how they should equip him.

This Treatment was not very delicate, nor was it such as *Savage's* Humanity would have suggested to him on a like Occasion; but it had scarcely deserved Mention, had it not, by affecting him in an uncommon Degree, shewn the Peculiarity of his Character. Upon hearing the Design that was formed, he came to the Lodging of a Friend with the most violent Agonies of Rage; and being asked what it could be that gave him such Disturbance, he replied, with the utmost Vehemence of Indignation, " That they had sent for a Taylor to measure him."

How the Affair ended, was never enquired, for fear of renewing his Uneasiness. It is probable



bable that, upon Recollection, he submitted with a good Grace to what he could not avoid, and that he discovered no Resentment where he had no Power.

He was, however, not humbled to implicit and universal Compliance; for when the Gentleman, who had first informed him of the Design to support him by a Subscription, attempted to procure a Reconciliation with the Lord *Tyrconnel*, he could by no means be prevailed upon to comply with the Measures that were proposed.

A Letter was written for him to Sir *William Lemon*, to prevail upon him to interpose his good Offices with Lord *Tyrconnel*, in which he solicited Sir *William's* Assistance, *for a Man who really needed it as much as any Man could well do*; and informed him that he was retiring *for ever to a Place where he should no more trouble his Relations, Friends, or Enemies*; he confessed, that his *Passion* had betrayed him to some Conduct, with regard to Lord *Tyrconnel*, *for which he could not but heartily ask his Pardon*; and as he imagined Lord *Tyrconnel's* *Passion* might be yet so high, that he would not receive a Letter from him, begg'd that Sir *William* would endeavour to soften him; and expressed his

his Hopes, that he would comply with his Request, and that *so small a Relation would not barden his Heart against him.*

That any Man should presume to dictate a Letter to him, was not very agreeable to Mr *Savage*; and therefore he was, before he had opened it, not much inclined to approve it. But when he read it, he found it contained Sentiments entirely opposite to his own, and, as he asserted, to the Truth; and therefore instead of copying it, wrote his Friend a Letter full of masculine Resentment, and warm Expostulations. He very justly observed that the Style was too supplicatory, and the Representation too abject, and that he ought at least to have made him complain with *the Dignity of a Gentleman in Distress*. He declared that he would not write the Paragraph in which he was to ask Lord *Tyrconnel's* Pardon; for *he despised his Pardon, and therefore could not heartily, and would not hypocritically ask it.* He remarked, that his Friend made a very unreasonable Distinction between himself and him; for, says he, when you mention Men of high Rank *in your own Character*, they are *those little Creatures whom we are pleased to call the Great*; but when you address them *in mine*, no Servility is sufficiently humble. He then with great Propriety explained

plained the ill Consequences might be expected from such a Letter, which his Relations would print in their own Defence, and which would for ever be produced as a full Answer to all that he should allege against them ; for he always intended to publish a minute Account of the Treatment which he had received. It is to be remembered to the Honour of the Gentleman by whom this Letter was drawn up, that he yielded to Mr *Savage's* Reasons, and agreed that it ought to be suppressed.

After many Alterations and Delays, a Subscription was at length raised, which did not amount to fifty Pounds a Year, though twenty were paid by one Gentleman ; such was the Generosity of Mankind, that what had been done by a Player without Solicitation, could not now be effected by Application and Interest ; and *Savage* had a great Number to court and to obey for a Pension less than that which Mrs *Oldfield* paid him without exacting any Servilities.

Mr *Savage* however was satisfied, and willing to retire, and was convinced that the Allowance, though scanty, would be more than sufficient for him, being now determined to commence a rigid Oeconomist, and to live according to the exactest Rules of Frugality ; for nothing was in his Opinion more contemptible than



than a Man, who, when he knew his Income, exceeded it; and yet he confessed that Instances of such Folly were too common, and lamented, that some Men were not to be trusted with their own Money.

Full of these salutary Resolutions, he left *London*, in *July* 1739, having taken Leave with great Tenderneſs of his Friends, and parted from the Author of this Narrative with Tears in his Eyes. He was furnished with fifteen Guineas, and informed, that they would be ſufficient, not only for the Expence of his Journey, but for his Support in *Wales* for ſome Time; and that there remained but little more of the firſt Collection. He promiſed a ſtrict Adherence to his Maxims of Parſimony, and went away in the Stage Coach; nor did his Friends expect to hear from him, till he informed them of his Arrival at *Swanſea*.

But when they leaſt expected, arrived a Letter dated the fourteenth Day after his Departure, in which he ſent them Word, that he was yet upon the Road, and without Money; and that he therefore could not proceed without a Remittance. They then ſent him all the Money that was in their Hands, with which he was enabled to reach *Briſtol*, from whence he was to go to *Swanſea* by Water.

At *Briſtol* he found an Embargo laid upon the Shipping, ſo that he could not immediately ob-

obtain a Passage; and being therefore obliged to stay there some Time, he, with his usual Felicity, ingratiated himself with many of the principal Inhabitants, was invited to their Houses, distinguished at their publick Feasts, and treated with a Regard that gratify'd his Vanity, and therefore easily engaged his Affection.

He began very early after his Retirement to complain of the Conduct of his Friends in *London*, and irritated many of them so much by his Letters, that they withdrew, however honourably, their Contributions; and it is believed, that little more was paid him than the twenty Pounds a Year, which were allowed him by the Gentleman who proposed the Subscription.

After some Stay at *Bristol*, he retired to *Swansea*, the Place originally proposed for his Residence, where he lived about a Year, very much dissatisfied with the Diminution of his Salary, but contracted, as in other Places, Acquaintance with those who were most distinguished in that Country, among whom he has celebrated Mr *Powel* and Mrs *Jones*, by some Verses which he inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

Here he completed his Tragedy, of which two Acts were wanting when he left *London*,  
and

and was desirous of coming to Town to bring it upon the Stage. This Design was very warmly opposed, and he was advised by his chief Benefactor to put it into the Hands of Mr *Thompson* and Mr *Mallet*, that it might be fitted for the Stage, and to allow his Friends to receive the Profits, out of which an annual Pension should be paid him.

This Proposal he rejected with the utmost Contempt. He was by no means convinced that the Judgment of those to whom he was required to submit, was superior to his own. He was now determined, as he expressed it, to be *no longer kept in Leading-strings*, and had no elevated Idea of *his Bounty*, who proposed to *pension him out of the Profits of his own Labours*.

He attempted in *Wales* to promote a Subscription for his Works, and had once Hopes of Success; but in a short Time afterwards, formed a Resolution of leaving that Part of the Country, to which he thought it not reasonable to be confined, for the Gratification of those, who having promised him a liberal Income, had no sooner banished him to a remote Corner, than they reduced his Allowance to a Salary scarcely equal to the Necessities of Life.

His Resentment of this Treatment, which, in his own Opinion, at least, he had not deserved,



ved, was such that he broke off all Correspondence with most of his Contributors, and appeared to consider them as Persecutors and Oppressors, and in the latter Part of his Life declared, that their Conduct toward him, since his Departure from *London*, had been *Perfidiousness improving on Perfidiousness, and Inhumanity on Inhumanity.*

It is not to be supposed, that the Necessities of Mr *Savage* did not some times incite him to satirical Exaggerations of the Behaviour of those by whom he thought himself reduced to them. But it must be granted, that the Diminution of his Allowance was a great Hardship, and, that those who withdrew their Subscription from a Man, who, upon the Faith of their Promise, had gone into a Kind of Banishment, and abandoned all those by whom he had been before relieved in his Distresses, will find it no easy Task to vindicate their Conduct.

It may be alleged, and, perhaps, justly, that he was petulant and contemptuous, that he more frequently reproached his Subscribers for not giving him more, than thanked them for what he had received; but it is to be remembred, that this Conduct, and this is the worst Charge that can be drawn up against him, did them no real Injury; and that it, therefore, ought rather to have been pitied than

than resented, at least, the Resentment that it might provoke ought to have been generous and manly; Epithets which his Conduct will hardly deserve, that starves the Man whom he has persuaded to put himself into his Power.

It might have been reasonably demanded by *Savage*, that they should, before they had taken away what they promised, have replaced him in his former State, that they should have taken no Advantages from the Situation to which the Appearance of their Kindness had reduced him, and that he should have been re-called to *London*, before he was abandoned. He might justly represent, that he ought to have been considered as a Lion in the Toils, and demand to be released before the Dogs should be loosed upon him.

He endeavoured, indeed, to release himself, and with an Intent to return to *London*, went to *Bristol*, where a Repetition of the Kindness which he had formerly found, invited him to stay. He was not only caressed and treated, but had a Collection made for him of about thirty Pounds, with which it had been happy if he had immediately departed for *London*; but his Negligence did not suffer him to consider, that such Proofs of Kindness were not often to be expected, and that this Ardour of Benevolence was, in

a great Degree, the Effect of Novelty, and might, probably, be every Day less; and therefore he took no Care to improve the happy Time, but was encouraged by one Favour to hope for another, till at length Generosity was exhausted, and Officiousness wearied.

Another Part of his Misconduct was the Practice of prolonging his Visits, to unreasonable Hours, and disconcerting all the Families into which he was admitted. This was an Error in a Place of Commerce, which all the Charms of his Conversation could not compensate; for what Trader would purchase such airy Satisfaction by the Loss of solid Gain, which must be the Consequence of Midnight Merriment, as those Hours which were gained at Night, were generally lost in the Morning?

Thus Mr *Savage*, after the Curiosity of the Inhabitants was gratified, found the Number of his Friends daily decreasing, perhaps without suspecting for what Reason their Conduct was altered, for he still continued to harass, with his nocturnal Intrusions, those that yet countenanced him, and admitted him to their Houses.

But he did not spend all the Time of his Residence at *Bristol*, in Visits or at Taverns; for he sometimes returned to his Studies, and be-



began several considerable Designs. When he felt an Inclination to write, he always retired from the Knowledge of his Friends, and lay hid in an obscure Part of the Suburbs, till he found himself again desirous of Company, to which it is likely that Intervals of Absence made him more welcome.

He was always full of his Design of returning to *London* to bring his Tragedy upon the Stage; but having neglected to depart with the Money that was raised for him, he could not afterwards procure a Sum sufficient to defray the Expences of his Journey; nor, perhaps, would a fresh Supply have had any other Effect, than, by putting immediate Pleasures in his Power, to have driven the Thoughts of his Journey out of his Mind.

While he was thus spending the Day in contriving a Scheme for the Morrow, Distress stole upon him by imperceptible Degrees. His Conduct had already wearied some of those who were at first enamoured of his Conversation; but he might, perhaps, still have devolved to others, whom he might have entertained with equal Success, had not the Decay of his Cloaths made it no longer consistent with their Vanity to admit him to their Tables, or to associate with him in publick Places. He now began to find every Man from home at whose House he called; and was, therefore,  
no

no longer able to procure the Necessaries of Life, but wandered about the Town flighted and neglected, in quest of a Dinner, which he did not always obtain.

To complete his Misery, he was persued by the Officers for small Debts which he had contracted; and was, therefore, obliged to withdraw from the small Number of Friends from whom he had still Reason to hope for Favours. His Custom was to lie in Bed the greatest Part of the Day, and to go out in the Dark with the utmost Privacy, and after having paid his Visit, return again before Morning to his Lodging, which was in the Garret of an obscure Inn.

Being thus excluded on one hand, and confined on the other, he suffered the utmost Extremities of Poverty, and often fasted so long that he was seized with Faintness, and had lost his Appetite, not being able to bear the Smell of Meat, 'till the Action of his Stomach was restored by a Cordial.

In this Distress he received a Remittance of fifty Pounds from *London*, with which he provided himself a decent Coat, and determined to go to *London*, but unhappily spent his Money at a favourite Tavern. Thus was he again confined to *Bristol*, where he was every Day hunted by Bailiffs. In this Exigence he once more found a Friend, who  
shel-

sheltered him in his House, though at the usual Inconveniences with which his Company was attended; for he could neither be persuaded to go to bed in the Night, nor to rise in the Day.

It is observable, that in these various Scenes of Misery, he was always disengaged and cheerful; he at some Times pursued his Studies, and at others continued or enlarged his epistolary Correspondence, nor was he ever so far dejected as to endeavour to procure an Encrease of his Allowance, by any other Methods than Accusations and Reproaches.

He had now no longer any Hopes of Assistance from his Friends at *Bristol*, who as Merchants, and by Consequence sufficiently studious of Profit, cannot be supposed to have look'd with much Compassion upon Negligence and Extravagance, or to think any Excellence equivalent to a Fault of such Consequence as Neglect of Oeconomy. It is natural to imagine, that many of those who would have relieved his real Wants, were discouraged from the Exertion of their Benevolence, by Observation of the Use which was made of their Favours, and Conviction that Relief would only be momentary, and that the same Necessity would quickly return.

At last he quitted the House of his Friend, and returned to his Lodging at the Inn, still intending



tending to set out in a few Days for *London* ; but on the tenth of *January* 1742-3, having been at Supper with two of his Friends, he was at his Return to his Lodgings arrested for a Debt of about eight Pounds, which he owed at a Coffee-House, and conducted to the House of a Sheriff's Officer. The Account which he gives of this Misfortune in a Letter to one of the Gentlemen with whom he had supped, is too remarkable to be omitted.

“ It was not a little unfortunate for me,  
 “ that I spent yesterday's Evening with you ;  
 “ because the Hour hindered me from entering on my new Lodging ; however, I have  
 “ now got one ; but such an one, as I believe Nobody would chuse.

“ I was arrested at the Suit of Mrs *Read*,  
 “ just as I was going up Stairs to Bed, at  
 “ Mr *Bowyer's* ; but taken in so private a  
 “ Manner, that I believe Nobody at the  
 “ *White Lyon* is apprised of it. Tho' I let  
 “ the Officers know the Strength ( or rather  
 “ Weakness of my Pocket ) yet they treated  
 “ me with the utmost Civility, and even when  
 “ they conducted me to Confinement, 'twas in  
 “ such a Manner, that I verily believe I could  
 “ have escaped, which I would rather be  
 “ ruined than have done ; notwithstanding  
 “ the whole Amount of my Finances was but  
 “ three Pence halfpenny. In

“ In the first Place I must insist, that you  
 “ will industriously conceal this from Mrs  
 “ S———s; because I would not have her  
 “ good Nature suffer that Pain, which, I  
 “ know, she would be apt to feel on this Oc-  
 “ casion.

“ Next I conjure you, dear Sir, by all the  
 “ Ties of Friendship, by no means to have  
 “ one uneasy Thought on my Account; but  
 “ to have the same Pleasantry of Countenance,  
 “ and unruffled Serenity of Mind, which  
 “ (God be praised!) I have in this, and have  
 “ had in a much severer Calamity. Further-  
 “ more, I charge you, if you value my Friend-  
 “ ship as truly as I do yours, *not* to utter, or  
 “ even harbour the least Resentment against  
 “ Mrs Read. I believe she has ruin'd me,  
 “ but I freely forgive her; and (tho' I will  
 “ never more have any Intimacy with her)  
 “ would, at a due Distance, rather do her an  
 “ Act of good than ill Will. Lastly, (par-  
 “ don the Expression) I *absolutely command*  
 “ you not to offer me any pecuniary Assist-  
 “ ance, nor to attempt getting me any from  
 “ any one of your Friends. At another Time, or  
 “ on any other Occasion, you may, dear  
 “ Friend, be well assured, I would rather  
 “ write to you in the submissive Stile of a Re-  
 “ quest, than that of a peremptory Command.

Y

“How-

“ However, that my truly valuable Friend  
 “ may not think I am too proud to ask a Fa-  
 “ vour, let me entreat you to let me have  
 “ your Boy to attend me for this Day, not  
 “ only for the Sake of saving me the Expence  
 “ of Porters, but for the Delivery of some  
 “ Letters to People whose Names I would  
 “ not have known to Strangers. I to wit  
 “ The civil Treatment I have thus far  
 “ met from those, whose Prisoner I am, makes  
 “ me thankful to the Almighty, that tho’  
 “ He has thought fit to visit me (on my  
 “ Birth-night) with Affliction; yet (such is  
 “ his great Goodness!) my Affliction is not  
 “ without alleviating Circumstances. I mur-  
 “ mur not, but am all Resignation to the  
 “ *divine Will*. As to the World, I hope  
 “ that I shall be endued by Heaven with  
 “ that Presence of Mind, that serene Dignity  
 “ in Misfortune, that constitutes the Cha-  
 “ racter of a true Nobleman; a Dignity far  
 “ beyond that of Coronets; a Nobility arising  
 “ from the just Principles of Philosophy,  
 “ refined and exalted by those of Christianity.  
 “ He continued five Days at the Officer’s, in  
 “ Hopes that he should be able to procure  
 “ Bail, and avoid the Necessity of going to Pri-  
 “ son. The State in which he passed his Time,  
 “ and the Treatment which he received, are  
 “ very justly expressed by him in a Letter  
 “ which



which he wrote to a Friend; " The whole  
 " Day, *says he*, has been employed in vari-  
 " ous People's filling my Head with their  
 " foolish chimerical Systems, which has ob-  
 " liged me coolly (as far as Nature will ad-  
 " mit) to digest, and accommodate myself to,  
 " every different Person's Way of thinking;  
 " hurried from one wild System to another,  
 " 'till it has quite made a Chaos of my Ima-  
 " gination, and nothing done— promised—  
 " disappointed—Order'd to send every Hour,  
 " from one part of the Town to the o-  
 " ther." —————

When his Friends, who had hitherto ca-  
 ressed and applauded, found that to give  
 Bail and pay the Debt was the same, they  
 all refused to preserve him from a Prison, at  
 the Expence of eight Pounds; and therefore  
 after having been for some Time at the Of-  
 ficer's House, *at an immense Expence*, as he  
 observes in his Letter, he was at length re-  
 moved to *Newgate*.

This Expence he was enabled to support,  
 by the Generosity of Mr *Nash* at *Bath*, who  
 upon receiving from him an Account of his  
 Condition, immediatly sent him five Gui-  
 neas, and promised to promote his Subscrip-  
 tion at *Bath*, with all his Interest.

By his Removal to *Newgate*, he obtained  
 at least a Freedom from Suspense, and Rest

from the disturbing Vicissitudes of Hope and Disappointment; he now found that his Friends were only Companions, who were willing to share his Gaiety, but not to partake of his Misfortunes; and therefore he no longer expected any Assistance from them.

It must however be observed of one Gentleman, that he offered to release him by paying the Debt, but that Mr *Savage* would not consent, I suppose, because he thought he had been before too burthensome to him.

He was offered by some of his Friends, that a Collection should be made for his Enlargement, but he *treated the Proposal*, and declared \*, *that he should again treat it, with Disdain. As to writing any mendicant Letters, he had too high a Spirit, and determined only to write to some Ministers of State, to try to regain his Pension.*

He continued to complain † of those that had sent him into the Country, and objected to them that he had *lost the Profits of his Play, which had been finished three Years*; and in another Letter declares his Resolution to publish a Pamphlet, that the World might know how *he had been used*.

This Pamphlet was never written, for he in a very short Time recover'd his usual Tranquillity,

\* In a Letter after his Confinement.

† Letter Jan..15.

quillity, and chearfully applied himself to more inoffensive Studies. He indeed steadily declared, that he was promised an yearly Allowance of fifty Pounds, and never received half the Sum; but he seemed to resign himself to that as well as to other Misfortunes, and lose the Remembrance of it in his Amusements and Employments.

The Chearfulness with which he bore his Confinement, appears from the following Letter, which he wrote, *Jan. 30th*, to one of his Friends in *London*.

**I** Now write to you from my Confinement in *Newgate*, where I have been ever since Monday last was Sev'n-night; and where I enjoy myself with much more Tranquillity than I have known for upwards of a twelve-month past; having a Room entirely to myself, and pursuing the Amusement of my poetical Studies, uninterrupted, and agreeable to my Mind. I thank the Almighty, I am now all collected in myself; and tho' my Person is in Confinement, my Mind can expatiate on ample and useful Subjects, with all the Freedom imaginable. I am now more conversant with the Nine than ever; and if, instead of a *Newgate* Bird, I may be allowed to be a Bird of the Muses, I assure you, Sir, I sing very freely in my Cage; sometimes indeed in the plaintive Notes of  
the



the Nightingale; but, at others, in the chearful Strains of the Lark—

In another Letter he observes, that he ranges from one Subject to another, without confining himself to any particular Task, and that he was employed one Week upon one Attempt, and the next upon another

Surely the Fortitude of this Man deserves, at least, to be mentioned with Applause; and whatever Faults may be imputed to him, the Virtue of *suffering well* cannot be denied him. The two Powers which, in the Opinion of *Epicætetus*, constitute a wise Man, are those of *bearing* and *forbearing*, which cannot indeed be affirmed to have been equally possessed by *Savage*, but it was too manifest that the Want of one obliged him very *frequently* to practise the other.

He was treated by Mr *Dagg*, the Keeper of the Prison, with great Humanity; was supported by him at his own Table without any Certainty of Recompence, had a Room to himself, to which he could at any Time retire from all Disturbance, was allowed to stand at the Door of the Prison, and sometimes taken out into the Fields; so that he suffered fewer Hardships in the Prison, than he had been accustomed to undergo in the greatest part of his Life.

The

The Keeper did not confine his Benevolence to a gentle Execution of his Office, but made some Overtures to the Creditor for his Release, tho' without Effect; and continued, during the whole Time of his Imprisonment, to treat him with the utmost Tenderness and Civility.

Virtue is undoubtedly most laudable in that State which makes it most difficult; and therefore the Humanity of a Goaler certainly deserves this public Attestation; and the Man whose Heart has not been hardened by such an Employment, may be justly proposed as a Pattern of Benevolence. If an Inscription was once engraved to the *honest Toll-gatherer*, less Honours ought not to be paid to the *tender Goaler*.

Mr *Savage* very frequently received Visits, and sometimes Presents from his Acquaintances, but they did not amount to a Subsistence, for the greater Part of which he was indebted to the Generosity of this Keeper; but these Favours, however they might endear to him the particular Persons from whom he received them, were very far from impressing upon his Mind any advantageous Ideas of the People of *Bristol*; and therefore he thought he could not more properly employ himself in Prison, than in writing the following Poem.

L O N.

LONDON and BRISTOL \* *delineated.*

**T**WO Sea-port Cities mark *Britannia's*  
Fame,  
And these from Commerce different Honours  
claim.

What different Honours shall the Muses pay,  
While one inspires and one untunes the Lay?

Now silver *Isis* bright'ning flows along,  
Echoing from *Oxford's* Shore each classic  
Song;

Then weds with *Tame*; and these, O *London*,  
see

Swelling with naval Pride, the Pride of Thee!  
Wide, deep, unfullied *Thames* meand'ring  
glides,

And bears thy Wealth on mild majestic Tides.

Thy Ships, with glided Palaces that vie,  
In glitt'ring Pomp, strike wond'ring *China's*  
Eye;

And thence returning bear, in splendid State,  
To *Britain's* Merchants, *India's* eastern  
Freight.

*India*, her Treasures from her western Shores,

Due at thy Feet, a willing Tribute pours;

Thy warring Navies distant Nations awe,

And bid the World obey thy righteous Law.

Thus

\* The Author preferr'd this Title to that of London  
and Bristol compared; which, when he began the Piece,  
he intended to prefix to it.



Thus shine thy manly Sons of lib'ral Mind;  
Thy Change deep-busied, yet as Courts re-  
fin'd;

Councils like Senates that enforce Debate,  
With fluent Eloquence, and Reason's Weight;  
Whose Patriot Virtue, lawless Pow'r con-  
trouls;

Their *British* emulating *Roman* Souls.  
Of these the worthiest still selected stand,  
Still lead the Senate, and still save the Land.  
Social, not selfish, here, O Learning, trace  
Thy Friends, the Lovers of all human Race!

In a dark Bottom sunk, O *Bristol*, now,  
With native Malice lift thy low'ring Brow!  
Then as some Hell-born Sprite, in mortal  
Guise,

Borrows the Shape of Goodness and belies,  
All fair, all smug to yon proud Hall invite,  
To feast all Strangers ape an Air polite!  
From *Cambria* drain'd, or *England's* western  
Coast,

Not elegant yet costly Banquets boast!  
Revere, or seem the Stranger to revere;  
Praise, fawn, profess, be all things but sincere;  
Insidious now, our bosom Secrets steal,  
And these with sly sarcastic Sneer reveal.  
Present we meet thy sneaking treach'rous  
Smiles;

The harmless Absent still thy Sneer reviles;

Z

Such

Such as in Thee all Parts superior find;  
 The Sneer that marks the Fool and Knave  
 combin'd.

When melting Pity wou'd afford Relief,  
 The ruthless Sneer, that Insult adds to Grief.  
 What Friendship can't thou boast? what  
 Honours claim?

To thee each Stranger owes an injur'd Name.  
 What Smiles thy Sons must in their Foes ex-  
 cite!

Thy Sons, to whom all Discord is Delight;  
 From whom eternal mutual Railing flows;  
 Who in each others Crimes their own expose:  
 Thy Sons, tho' crafty, deaf to Wisdom's  
 Call;

Despising all Men, and despis'd by all:  
 Sons, while thy Cliffs a ditch-like River  
 laves,

Rude as thy Rocks, and muddy as thy  
 Waves;

Of Thoughts as narrow, as of Words immense;  
 As full of Turbulence, as void of Sense.

Thee, Thee what Senatorial Souls adorn?  
 Thy Natives sure wou'd prove a Senate's  
 Scorn.

Do Strangers deign to serve Thee? what  
 their Praise?

Their gen'rous Services thy Murmurs raise.  
 What Fiend malign, that o'er thy Air presides,  
 Around from Breast to Breast inherent glides,  
 And,

And, as he glides, there scatters in a Trice  
 The lurking Seeds of ev'ry rank Device?  
 Let foreign Youths to thy Indentures run!  
 Each, each will prove, in thy adopted Son,  
 Proud, pert and dull—Tho' brilliant once  
     from Schools,

Will scorn all Learning's as all Virtue's Rules;  
 And, tho' by Nature friendly, honest,  
     brave,

Turn a sly, selfish, simp'ring; sharpening Knave.  
 Boast petty Courts, where 'stead of fluent  
     Ease;

Of cited Precedents, and learned Pleas;  
 'Stead of sage Counsel in the dubious Cause,  
 Attorneys, chatt'ring wild, burlesque the  
     Laws.

So shameless Quacks, who Doctors' Rights  
     invade,

Of Jargon and of Poison form a Trade.

So canting Coblers, while from Tubs they  
     teach,

Buffoon the Gospel they pretend to preach.

Boast petty Courts, whence Rules new Ri-  
     gour draw,

Unknown to Nature's and to Statute Law;

Quirks that explain all saving Rights away,

To give th' Attorney and the Catch-poll  
     Prey.



Is there where Law too rig'rous may descend?

Or Charity her kindly Hand extend?

Thy Courts, that shut when Pity wou'd redress,

Spontaneous open to inflict Distress.

Try Misdemeanours!—all thy Wiles employ,

Not to chastise th' Offender but destroy.

Bid the large lawless Fine his Fate foretell;

Bid it beyond his Crime and Fortune swell.

Cut off from Service due to kindred Blood,

To private Welfare and to public Good,

Pitied by all, but thee, he sentenc'd lies;

Imprison'd languishes, imprison'd dies,

\* \* \* \* \*

Boast swarming Vessels, whose *Plebeian*  
State

Owes not to Merchants but Mechanics  
Freight.

Boast nought but Pedlar Fleets—In War's  
Alarms,

Unknown to Glory, as unknown to Arms.

Boast

Boast thy base\* *Tolfey*, and thy turn-spit  
Dogs;

Thy † *Hallier's* Horses, and thy human Hogs;  
Upstarts and Mushrooms, proud, relentless  
Hearts;

Thou Blank of Sciences! Thou Dearth of  
Arts!

Such Foes as Learning once was doom'd to  
see;

*Huns*, *Goths* and *Vandals* were but Types  
of Thee.

Proceed, great *Bristol*, in all-righteous  
Ways,

And let one Justice heighten yet thy Praise;  
Still spare the Catamite, and swinge the  
Whore,

And be whate'er *Gomorrhah* was before.

When he had brought this Poem to its  
present State, which, without considering the  
Chasm, is not perfect, he wrote to *London* an  
Account of his Design, and informed his  
Friend, that he was determined to print it  
with his Name; but enjoined him not to  
com-

\* A Place where the Merchants used to meet to transact  
their Affairs before the Exchange was erected. See *Gentleman's Magazine*. Vol. xiii. p. 496.

† *Halliers* are the Persons who drive or own the  
Sledges, which are here used instead of Carts.

communicate his Intention to his *Bristol* Acquaintance. The Gentleman surpris'd at his Resolution, endeavour'd to dissuade him from publishing it, at least from prefixing his Name; and declared, that he could not reconcile the Injunction of Secrecy with his Resolution to own it at its first Appearance. To this Mr *Savage* returned an Answer agreeable to his Character in the following Terms.

“ I received yours this Morning, and not  
 “ without a little Surprize at the Contents.  
 “ To answer a Question with a Question,  
 “ you ask me concerning *London* and *Bristol*,  
 “ *Why will I add* delineated? Why did Mr  
 “ *Woolaston* add the same Word to his Reli-  
 “ gion of Nature? I suppose that it was  
 “ his Will and Pleasure to add it in his Case;  
 “ and it is mine to do so in my Own. You  
 “ are pleas'd to tell me, that you understand  
 “ not why Secrecy is injoined, and yet I in-  
 “ tend to set my Name to it. My Answer  
 “ is—I have my private Reasons; which I  
 “ am not oblig'd to explain to any One.  
 “ You doubt, my Friend Mr S———  
 “ would not approve of it—And what is it  
 “ to me whether he does or not? Do you  
 “ imagine, that Mr S——— is to dictate to  
 “ me? If any Man, who calls himself my  
 “ Friend, should assume such an Air, I  
 “ would spurn at his Friendship with Con-  
 tempt.



“ tempt. You say, I seem to think so by not  
 “ letting him know it—And suppose I do,  
 “ what then? Perhaps I can give Reasons  
 “ for that Disapprobation, very foreign from  
 “ what you would imagine. You go on in  
 “ saying, suppose, I should not put my Name  
 “ to it—My Answer is, that I will not sup-  
 “ pose any such Thing, being determined to  
 “ the contrary; neither, Sir, would I have  
 “ you suppose, that I applied to you for  
 “ Want of another Press: Nor would I  
 “ have you imagine, that I owe Mr S——  
 “ Obligations which I do not.”

Such was his Imprudence, and such his ob-  
 stinate Adherence to his own Resolutions,  
 however absurd. A Prisoner! supported by  
 Charity! and, whatever Insults he might  
 have received during the latter Part of his  
 Stay in *Bristol*, once caressed, esteemed, and  
 presented with a liberal Collection, he could  
 forget on a sudden his Danger, and his Obliga-  
 tions, to gratify the Petulance of his Wit, or  
 the Eagerness of his Resentment, and pub-  
 lish a Satire by which he might reasonably  
 expect, that he should alienate those who  
 then supported him, and provoke those whom  
 he could neither resist nor escape.

This Resolution, from the Execution of  
 which, it is probable, that only his Death  
 could have hindered him, is sufficient to shew  
 how

how much he disregarded all Considerations that opposed his present Passions, and how readily he hazarded all future Advantages for any immediate Gratifications. Whatever was his predominant Inclination, neither Hope nor Fear hinder'd him from complying with it, nor had Opposition any other Effect than to heighten his Ardour, and irritate his Vehemence.

This Performance was however laid aside, while he was employed in soliciting Assurances from several great Persons, and one Interruption succeeding another hinder'd him from supplying the Chasm, and perhaps from retouching the other Parts, which he can hardly be imagined to have finished, in his own Opinion; for it is very unequal, and some of the Lines are rather inserted to rhyme to others than to support or improve the Sense, but the first and last Parts are worked up with great Spirit and Elegance.

His Time was spent in the Prison for the most part in Study, or in receiving Visits, but sometimes he descended to lower Amusements, and diverted himself in the Kitchen with the Conversation of the Criminals; for it was not pleasing to him to be much without Company, and though he was very capable of a judicious Choice, he was often contented with the first that offered; for this he was  
some-

sometimes reproved by his Friends who found him surrounded with Felons; but the Re-proof was on that as on other Occasions thrown away; he continued to gratify himself, and to set very little Value on the Opinion of others.

But here, as in every other Scene of his Life, he made use of such Opportunities as occur'd of benefiting those who were more miserable than himself, and was always ready to perform any Offices of Humanity to his fellow Prisoners.

He had now ceased from corresponding with any of his Subscribers except one, who yet continued to remit him the twenty Pounds a Year which he had promised him, and by whom it was expected, that he would have been in a very short Time enlarged, because he had directed the Keeper to enquire after the State of his Debts.

However he took care to enter his Name according to the Forms of the Court, that the Creditor might be obliged to make him some Allowance, if he was continued a Prisoner, and when on that Occasion he appeared in the Hall was treated with very unusual Respect.

But the Resentment of the City was afterwards raised by some Accounts that had been spread of the Satire, and he was informed that



some of the Merchants intended to pay the Allowance which the Law required, and to detain him Prisoner at their own Expence. This he treated as an empty Menace, and perhaps might have hasten'd the Publication, only to shew how much he was superior to their Insults, had not all his Schemes been suddenly destroyed.

When he had been six Months in Prison he received from one of his Friends, in whose Kindness he had the greatest Confidence, and on whose Assistance he chiefly depended, a Letter that contained a Charge of very atrocious Ingratitude, drawn up in such Terms as sudden Resentment dictated. Mr *Savage* returned a very solemn Protestation of his Innocence, but however appeared much disturbed at the Accusation. Some Days afterwards he was seized with a Pain in his Back and Side, which as it was not violent was not suspected to be dangerous; but growing daily more languid and dejected, on the 25th of *July* he confined himself to his Room, and a Fever seized his Spirits. The Symptoms grew every Day more formidable, but his Condition did not enable him to procure any Assistance. The last Time that the Keeper saw him was on *July* the 31st, when *Savage* seeing him at his Bed-side said, with an uncommon Earnestness, *I have something to say to you,*

you, Sir; but after a Pause moved his Hand in a melancholy Manner, and finding himself unable to recollect what he was going to communicate, said *'Tis gone*. The Keeper soon after left him, and the next Morning he died. He was buried in the Church-Yard of St *Peter*, at the Expence of the Keeper.

Such were the Life and Death of *Richard Savage*, a Man equally distinguished by his Virtues and Vices, and at once remarkable for his Weaknesses and Abilities.

He was of a middle Stature, of a thin Habit of Body, a long Visage, coarse Features, and melancholy Aspect; of a grave and manly Deportment, a solemn Dignity of Mien, but which upon a nearer Acquaintance softened into an engaging Easiness of Manners. His Walk was slow, and his Voice tremulous and mournful. He was easily excited to Smiles, but very seldom provoked to Laughter.

His Mind was in an uncommon Degree vigorous and active. His Judgment was accurate, his Apprehension quick, and his Memory so tenacious, that he was frequently observed to know what he had learned from others in a short Time better than those by whom he was informed, and could frequently recollect Incidents, with all their Combination of Circumstances, which few would have regarded at the present Time; but which the

Quickness of his Apprehension impressed upon him. He had the peculiar Felicity, that his Attention never deserted him; he was present to every Object, and regardful of the most trifling Occurrences. He had the Art of escaping from his own Reflections, and accommodating himself to every new Scene.

To this Quality is to be imputed the Extent of his Knowledge, compared with the small Time which he spent in visible Endeavours to acquire it. He mingled in cursory Conversation with the same Steadiness of Attention as others apply to a Lecture, and, amidst the Appearance of thoughtless Gayety, lost no new Idea that was started, nor any Hint that could be improved. He had therefore made in Coffee-Houses the same Proficiency as others in Studies; and it is remarkable, that the Writings of a Man of little Education, and little Reading, have an Air of Learning scarcely to be found in any other Performances, but which perhaps as often obscures as embellishes them.

His Judgment was eminently exact, both with regard to Writings and to Men. The Knowledge of Life was indeed his chief Attainment, and it is not without some Satisfaction, that I can produce the Suffrage of *Savage* in favour of human Nature, of which he never appeared to entertain such odious Ideas,

as



as some, who perhaps had neither his Judgment nor Experience, have published, either in Ostentation of their Sagacity, Vindication of their Crimes, or Gratification of their Malice.

His Method of Life particularly qualified him for Conversation, of which he knew how to practise all the Graces. He was never vehement or loud, but at once modest and easy, open and respectful; his Language was vivacious and elegant, and equally happy upon grave or humorous Subjects. He was generally censured for not knowing when to retire, but that was not the Defect of his Judgment, but of his Fortune; when he left his Company, he was frequently to spend the remaining Part of the Night in the Street, or at least was abandoned to gloomy Reflections, which it is not strange that he delayed as long as he could, and sometimes forgot that he gave others Pain to avoid it himself.

It cannot be said, that he made Use of his Abilities for the Direction of his own Conduct; an irregular and dissipated Manner of Life had made him the Slave of every Passion that happened to be excited by the Presence of its Object, and that Slavery to his Passions reciprocally produced a Life irregular and dissipated. He was not Master of his own  
Motions,

Motions, nor could promise any thing for the next Day.

With regard to his Oeconomy, nothing can be added to the Relation of his Life: he appeared to think himself born to be supported by others, and dispensed from all Necessity of providing for himself; he therefore never prosecuted any Scheme of Advantage, nor endeavoured even to secure the Profits which his Writings might have afforded him.

His Temper was, in consequence of the Dominion of his Passions, uncertain and capricious; he was easily engaged, and easily disgusted; but he is accused of retaining his Hatred more tenaciously than his Benevolence.

He was compassionate both by Nature and Principle, and always ready to perform Offices of Humanity; but when he was provoked, and very small Offences were sufficient to provoke him, he would prosecute his Revenge with the utmost Acrimony till his Passion had subsided.

His Friendship was therefore of little Value; for though he was zealous in the Support or Vindication of those whom he loved, yet it was always dangerous to trust him, because he considered himself discharged, by the first Quarrel, from all Ties of Honour or Gratitude;

titude; and would betray those Secrets which in the Warmth of Confidence had been imparted to him. This Practice drew upon him an universal Accusation of Ingratitude; nor can it be denied that he was very ready to set himself free from the Load of an Obligation; for he could not bear to conceive himself in a State of Dependence, his Pride being equally powerful with his other Passions, and appearing in the Form of Insolence at one time, and of Vanity at another. Vanity, the most innocent Species of Pride, was most frequently predominant: he could not easily leave off when he had once begun to mention himself or his Works, nor ever read his Verses without stealing his Eyes from the Page, to discover in the Faces of his Audience, how they were affected with any favourite Passage.

A kinder Name than that of Vanity ought to be given to the Delicacy with which he was always careful to separate his own Merit from every other Man's, and to reject that Praise to which he had no Claim. He did not forget, in mentioning his Performances, to mark every Line that had been suggested or amended, and was so accurate as to relate that he owed *three Words* in *THE WANDERER*, to the Advice of his Friends.

His



His Veracity was questioned, but with little Reason; his Accounts, tho' not indeed always the same, were generally consistent. When he loved any Man, he suppress'd all his Faults, and when he had been offended by him, concealed all his Virtues: but his Characters were generally true, so far as he proceeded; tho' it cannot be denied that his Partiality might have sometimes the Effect of Falsehood.

In Cases indifferent he was zealous for Virtue, Truth and Justice; he knew very well the Necessity of Goodness to the present and future Happiness of Mankind; nor is there perhaps any Writer, who has less endeavoured to please, by flattering the Appetites, or perverting the Judgment.

As an Author, therefore, and he now ceases to influence Mankind in any other Character, if one Piece, which he had resolved to suppress, be excepted, he has very little to fear from the strictest moral or religious Censure. And though he may not be altogether secure against the Objections of the Critic, it must however be acknowledged, that his Works are the Productions of a Genius truly poetical; and, what many Writers, who have been more lavishly applauded, cannot boast, that they have an original Air, which has no Resemblance of any foregoing Writer; that the Versification and Sentiments have  
a Cast

a Cast peculiar to themselves, which no Man can imitate with Success, because what was Nature in *Savage* would in another be Affectation. It must be confessed that his Descriptions are striking, his Images animated, his Fictions justly imagin'd, and his Allegories artfully persued; that his Diction is elevated, though sometimes forced, and his Numbers sonorous and majestick, though frequently sluggish and encumbered. Of his Stile the general Fault is Harshness, and the general Excellence is Dignity; of his Sentiments the prevailing Beauty is Sublimity, and Uniformity the prevailing Defect.

For his Life, or for his Writings, none who candidly consider his Fortune, will think an Apology either necessary or difficult. If he was not always sufficiently instructed in his Subject, his Knowledge was at least greater than could have been attained by others in the same State. If his Works were sometimes unfinished, Accuracy cannot reasonably be exacted from a Man oppressed with Want, which he has no Hope of relieving but by a speedy Publication. The Insolence and Resentment of which he is accused, were not easily to be avoided by a great Mind, irritated by perpetual Hardships, and constrained hourly to return the Spurns of Contempt, and repress the Insolence of Prosperity; and Vanity

surely may be readily pardoned in him, to whom Life afforded no other Comforts than barren Praises, and the Consciousness of deserving them.

Those are no proper Judges of his Conduct who have slumber'd away their Time on the Down of Abundance, nor will a wise Man easily presume to say, "Had I been in *Savage's* Condition, I should have lived, or written, better than *Savage*."

This Relation will not be wholly without its Use, if those, who languish under any Part of his Sufferings, shall be enabled to fortify their Patience by reflecting that they feel only those Afflictions from which the Abilities of *Savage* did not exempt him; or if those, who, in confidence of superior Capacities or Attainments, disregard the common Maxims of Life, shall be reminded that nothing will supply the Want of Prudence, and that Negligence and Irregularity, long continued, will make Knowledge useless, Wit ridiculous, and Genius contemptible.

F I N I S.